VALENTINO Returns to AMERICA

Movie Weekly

December 8 1923

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Is Style a Greater Asset than Beauty ?

What will the Stars in Hollywood do NOW ?

Kathleen Key

PHOTO BY CLARENCE S. BULL

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MOVIE WEEKLY

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Coming

What Next!

Out in Hollywood, where the movies are made, the screen stars are preparing to make a great decision.

Circumstances over which they have no control are forcing them to accept a drastic cut in salaries or vacate the screen; and they are now busily engaged in making up their minds as to what they shall do.

Business, with golden fingers, beckons to some who have accumulated real estate and who therefore are desirous of becoming successful realtors; while the stage, that sister art of the screen, is luring others with the fascinating eye of its silver spotlight.

That is the situation in Hollywood today, and in next week's Movie Weekly you will read the full inside story of what your favorite screen star is going to do.

On the news-stands Thursday.

DON'T MISS IT!

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Is Style a Greater Asset than Beauty?

Read what *Pauline Frederick,* famous screen beauty, has to say about the respective *pulling powers* of *smartness* and *pulchritude*

By Regina Cannon

"BEAUTY," declared Pauline Frederick emphatically, "is the bunk!"

"For publication?" we queried dubiously.

"Why not?" returned Miss Frederick with a sideward glance of wide gray eyes that possess the soberness and inscrutability of the Sphinx.

"The editorial mind, I take it, balks at the slang expression 'bunk.'"

"We'll tell the world it does," from us. "We're for 'bigger and finer things' in English and marvel that you 'get us' so perfectly."

"I do *that,*" commented Miss Frederick twinkling.

"But, referring to our editorial mind, ahem, you flatter us."

"That," returned the famous film star wickedly, "was my intention."

Now, fans, laugh that one off if you can. The answer to it came to us *after* the interview—cab wit, you know—the clever things you think of on the way home that you should have said at the party!

But to get back to Pauline Frederick—we sat together on a leather chair that must have antedated the furnishings of King Tut's Tomb by several centuries. The chair was at the edge of the set on which Lou Tellegen was emoting before an edified group and the silent eye of the camera. Incidentally, you will get your money's worth when the picture hits your town, for Lou kept the perfect profile turned toward the camera for much film footage.

The locale of this interview was the old Vitagraph Studio out in Flatbush, where, ten years ago, when movies were young, many of the now-famous stars in the film firmament were initiated into the mysteries of the movies.

And now Pauline Frederick has come east to do "Let No Man Put Asunder," a play adapted from Basil King's well-known novel.

"Beauty," said *Miss Frederick,* "doesn't count for half as much as one is led to believe. Style is the thing."

"You know," remarked the clever lady at our side, "I accepted the offer to do this picture because it was the first time I had ever been actually sent for to do a production. The novelty of it must have appealed to me sentimentally, for I took the first train.

"And I might add," reflected our hostess, "that I'll take the first train back when the picture is finished. New York undoubtedly strikes you as an ideal place to live before you've been to Beverly Hills, California."

As for our impressions of Miss Frederick—she lived up to all our preconceived ideas of what a smart young actress should be. For once it wasn't a case of "Bang, goes another illusion!" She wore a stunning party frock of orchid chiffon, that hung simply in straight lines from the shoulder, beige stockings and almond-green slippers. Sounds a bit startling, but the effect was truly magnificent, as is Pauline herself.

In one hand she held a cigarette and in the other a peppermint cream drop which had set her back 1 cent. "At the cigar stand on your way out," she instructed, in case we'd care to indulge further.

"THE *pourquoi* of our visit," we finally announced, "is not to discuss the merits of peppermints, but the relative values of beauty and style. Which of the aforementioned do you consider the greater asset for a woman to possess?"

"Style," from Miss Frederick, promptly and decisively. "Beauty doesn't count for half as much as one is led to believe. Style is the thing! Remember the old bromide, 'Fine feathers make fine birds,' well, there's nothing truer ever been said.

"If a woman would study herself and select clothes to disclose her personality," continued Miss Frederick, "instead of rushing pell mell to follow the dictates of fashion, she would come out on top. The smartly dressed woman will always attract more attention and create more admiration than her merely beautiful sister. Beauty alone soon palls, but the woman with style presents an ever-changing picture and is the cynosure of all eyes."

"Well, beauty is pretty nice to have," we said to this young woman who possesses both beauty and style in generous quantities.

"Surely, it is," returned Miss Frederick, "and so is a beautiful limousine, but just the same it's the smart little roadster that is the bright spot on the speedway."

At this point in the conversation, a maid approached Miss Frederick with a cup of *Vitagraph*

(*Continued on page* 29)

VALENTINO

Famous screen star is back once more, prior to his departure for _England_, where he will commence work on a new picture—Grants _exclusive_ interview to _Movie Weekly_

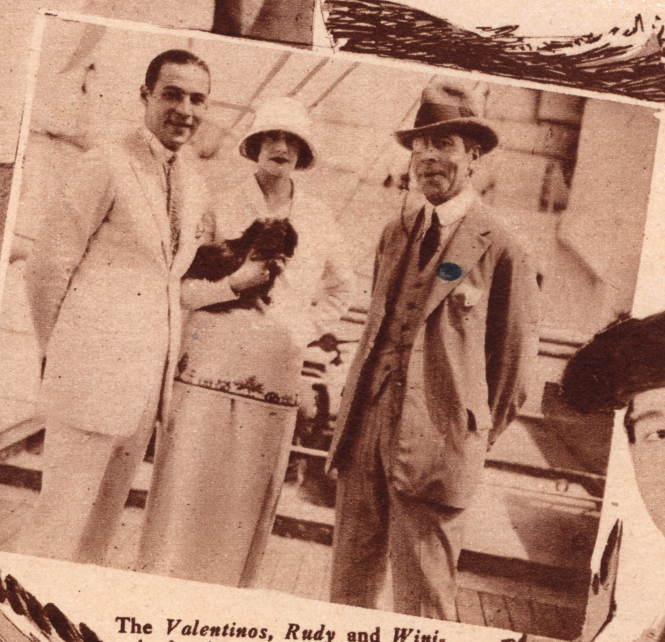
By T. Howard Kelly

Rudolph Valentino, who has returned to _America_, just prior to starting work on a new picture in _England_.

YES, Rudolph Valentino is still the same romantically appealing young man who went back to his native Italy a few months ago for the purpose of handshaking with home-folks and letting them see what an Italian-American Sheik looks like, and how one feels, thinks and acts. For all of the tremendous ovations he received from movie fans and well-wishers abroad, Rudy's hat and his suspenders have not had to be enlarged, and applause has not turned his mind from his one great objective—to make more pictures as soon as possible.

These are the three most important things I learned as I helped him elbow his way down the gangway of the great Cunarder, _Aquitania_. It did not take many words or gestures on the part of the famous star to tell me these things. A bare few words, from him, a swift, sweeping appraisal of him on my part, and I was certain that the Old World had not changed Rudy one whit.

He is, perhaps, a trifle more serious in mien than before he left us. This would not be apparent to the casual observer, because the world of motion picture followers know him as a man whose eyes are those of the dreamer seeking far beyond the horizon of everyday things. It is this quality of dreaminess, mixed with seriousness, that first gave to Valentino his power to sway vast audiences with his appeal. However, I have known him quite well for some little time, and something about him, as he walked through the eager crowds, made me believe that his visit home has brought to his young heart and mind a fuller realization of his coming chances to do the big things he has so long desired to do.



The _Valentinos, Rudy_ and _Winifred_, with _George Arliss_, on the deck of the steamship _Aquitania_.

REST assured that there is no question as to his gladness upon being back here where his screen magic gave him world-wide fame. His own enthusiastic words testify to this:

"It is wonderful! When I saw the shore line, something seemed to rise up inside of me. And, now the lights of New York, twinkling in the Fall night! Yes, I am thrilled. I get that way, just like all the rest of the world does over something that is happy and wonderful," he declared.

"Are you a good sailor, Rudy? How was the old Atlantic?" I asked him.

VALENTINO said that there was one thing certain that the ocean did not do to either himself or Mrs. Valentino, and that was to disturb their sleep or meals.

"We were both so worn out from our traveling, and the many affairs which we attended, until we looked upon this sea trip as the greatest resting chance of our lives. Both Mrs. Valentino and I feel thoroughly rested, and are now ready for whatever activities are before us in America until we return——"

"Return?" I interrupted. "You don't mean you have started any oceanic commuting idea? Tommy Meighan once tried the cross-continent commuting stunt, but it wasn't so good," I reminded him.

"Not quite that bad," smiled the Sheik. "Mrs. Valentino's parents have a place at Nice, France,

Valentino in a picturesque pose from "_Blood and Sand_."

Returns to America

and we are simply going back in a few weeks to spend Christmas there with them. After the holidays I hope to start on a new picture——"

Again I broke in on Rudy. I had not wished to open up the subject of his picture-making possibilities until he mentioned it himself, because I was sure he had become tired of trying to answer the many who want to know when he is going to come back on the screen. But, here was my chance and I snatched it, especially on account of the recent announcements which indicate that he may commence an historical movie in England at once.

"I AM not a multi-millionaire picture actor," he began frankly enough. "You know the history of my case. I have been unable to do pictures under conditions which I feel are equitable and satisfactory to my point of view. Consequently, for my own principles, I have had to sacrifice the opportunity of making a great deal of money. Naturally I must work to earn my living. For these very good reasons, I am keen to get back to work," he said.

"I have heard you were going to start one after February for Ritz-Carlton Pictures. What about the Famous Players-Lasky situation?" I questioned.

At this point two porters interrupted us by asking if Rudy wanted his colorfully labelled bags shoved into an individual taxicab. It was wisely decided that the bags should follow Rudy's cab to the Vanderbilt, where he and his wife are occupying a suite of rooms. This arrangement gave some sitting space to the Valentinos.

"In England I signed a contract with Mr. Williams, president of Ritz-Carlton, for all my future screen activities," he declared. Mr. Williams went over there especially to get the star's signature on a Ritz contract.

As to his position in the legal situation existing between himself and Famous Players-Lasky, Valentino expressed the belief that he would soon have settled his difficulties with the Zukor organization. "I am ready to settle, and my lawyer advises that I will not be hampered in my screen efforts after the expiration date in February of my present contract with Famous Players," he stated.

Rudy has left most of these legal matters in the hands of his attorney, so I thought it a waste of time to bother him with talk concerning possibilities that Famous may secure an injunction against him to cover the renewal privileges which they have on his contract after it expires the first of next year.

Another view of *Valentino* showing his remarkable muscular development.

Rudy and *Winifred*, his beautiful wife, in their suite in a *New York* hotel.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Valentino, they toured almost every village and city in Italy. If they missed any, both she and her famous husband would like to know their names and whereabouts. By the way, this reminds me that Rudy not only spelled, but pronounced the name of his little home town several times for me, but, in spite of this, I will not be able to write it out for you because I lost the piece of paper upon which I jotted it down, and as Rudy left the next day for Boston, it was impossible to get it before writing this account. If you could hear it once, you wouldn't blame me for my forgetfulness or ignorance. There are lots of others in the same boat with me over at the Ritz-Carlton Pictures office, for I tried everyone there on the spelling, and no one dared the adventure in words.

"The whole trip was a wonderful outing for us. We had as much fun as possible, and we did some serious studying of life and conditions abroad," Valentino declared when I asked him if the tour turned out pleasantly.

Although he modestly refrained from saying very much concerning the receptions accorded him in Italy, Mrs. Valentino told me that in many towns and villages the local authorities showed themselves adept in Mayor Hylan's stunt of giving away the keys to the town. In other words, Rudy was handed the town square, the church, and given an option on everybody's time and hospitality.

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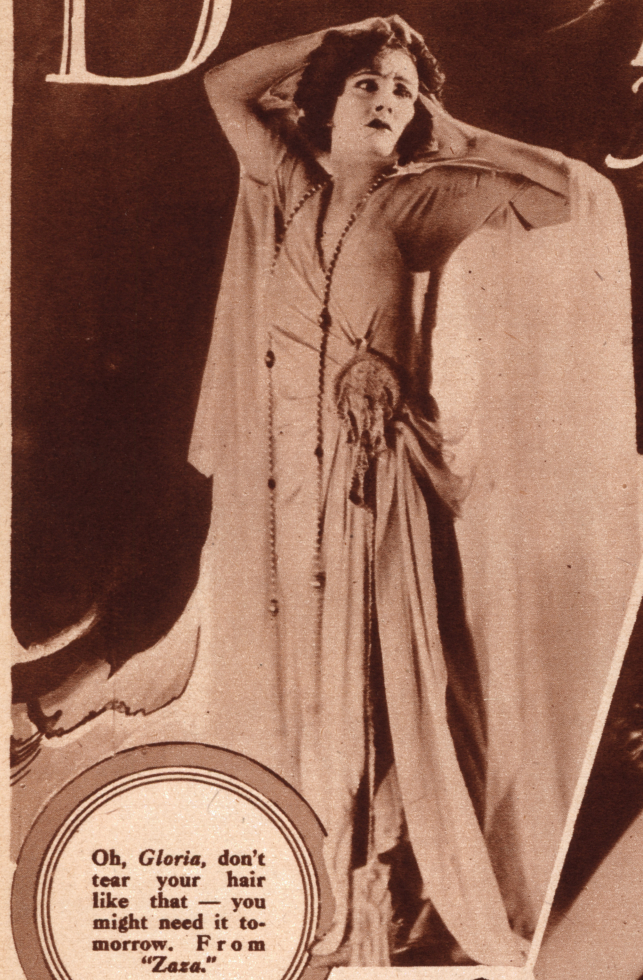
DAMSELS in DISTRESS
In the Movies



Oh, *Gloria*, don't tear your hair like that — you might need it tomorrow. From *"Zaza."*

"My sweetie went away and he didn't say where," —never mind, *Betty*, there are other sweeties. In *"Woman to Woman."*

r'oor *Anna*, we'd look sad, too, if we had to cut off all our hair.

Corinne Griffith in *"Six Days,"* looks finished at the post, as they say in racing circles.

If *Helene* isn't careful she might put out the light. But maybe she isn't afraid of the dark. From *"Law Against Law."*

The Most Human Note in the Movies

Charles Ray, famous delineator of youth on screen, reveals _method_ whereby he climbed to the top of the ladder

By David A. Balch

SOMEDAY, someone will succeed in isolating the germ of greatness even as they have succeeded among certain scientific circles in isolating the germ of malaria, and when he does this, we believe he will find it consists of something essentially human, something that reaches the heart and, like a hand, squeezes it. And something like this, we further believe, is contained in the work of Charles Ray.

Our first acquaintanceship with Ray dates back to a day in the old Triangle projection room, when we had happened in to see a friend and witnessed a preview of a picture called "The Clodhopper." It was a simple little story of a boy on a farm with a brutal father and a loving mother, who had denied herself things to save money and send away to Sears, Roebuck for a suit of clothes for her boy. And then, when the father's cruelty drove the lad away from home and he came to "the city," and broke into musical comedy with the "Clodhopper Glide," and returned to the home town with scads of lucre just as a "run" had commenced upon the bank of which his father was president . . .

Well, it *got* us, as we'd never been reached before through the medium of a movie, and the tears, we remember, had a lovely time just chasing themselves down our cheeks. That was Charles Ray in "The Clodhopper." Seven short years ago!

The other day we shook hands with Charlie Ray and sat down and talked with him for an hour or more, until we felt, when we left him, that we knew him in a measure, and that, greatest of all — his personality off the screen was in no particular wise different than his personality on the screen. Which, just between us, is saying quite a little more than a very great deal.

We had heard that he was "cold" to strangers, and when we met him we said so and learned why. "Strangers," it seemed, had a way of coming up in places like hotel dining-rooms, shaking hands and then wanting to talk . . . while the steak kept growing colder and colder.

Sometimes they wanted jobs, but more often they wanted money, which, as Mr. Ray wistfully explained, was the reason that, as time passed, he had learned to take in the welcome mat from his own facade. And then folks called him "cold."

"Well, better to be thought cold," he remarked ingenuously, "than to dine perpetually off cold steaks."

Gradually, as he talks to you, the mask of his natural reserve is lifted and he becomes the human, engaging boy that the world knows screen-wise, with that wistful, eager, slant-eyed smile that almost pulled the heart out of us when we first saw it.

"I dare say I'm rather more serious than most people," he declared, "and I have a very earnest desire to do something on the screen that will *live*. I want to do this more than anything else."

A scene from *"The Ole Swimmin' Hole,"* in which *Charles Ray* gave a notably human performance.

"We thought," we observed, "that you did it in 'The Ole Swimmin' Hole.'"

He nodded, interested.

"It was a step forward," he acknowledged, "but it wasn't quite big enough in scope to accomplish what I wanted. In 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' my latest picture, I think I've come nearer the mark."

His trip East had come just after his venture on the speaking stage in a dramatized version of "The Girl I Loved," a recent picture. It was not his first stage appearance, however, for we learned that he had started his theatrical career with a traveling stock company in Los Angeles that had taken him, in the course of time, up along the Pacific Coast, where he had played every conceivable sort of part. It had been great training.

"I have a very earnest desire," said *Mr. Ray*, "to do something on the screen that will *live*. I want to do this more than anything."

HIS goal in those days had been New York and Belasco—but he'd been told that he shouldn't venture East without enough in his pocket to live on for at least six months, and, failing this, he bided his time—and then went into pictures with Thomas H. Ince.

"It was down at Santa Monica," he explained with an even directness of thought and speech which you learn early is his most striking characteristic. "An Indian encampment lay nearby, and as I look back now on those early days of picture-making, it all seems like play, and indeed we considered it as such even then. It was more play than work. But perhaps that was because I was just a boy at the time," he added with his ingenuous smile.

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What will the Screen

Edward Horton, a *Paramount* star, who will go into vaudeville during the *Famous Players'* suspension.

Recent shut-down of *Famous Players'* studio forces many actors out of work—Query is raised concerning their future source of livelihood

By Thomas Tarrington

THE next few days are destined to furnish American fandom with exposes concerning certain favorite screen stars which will go a long ways towards proving, or disproving the idea that a great majority of filmland's beautiful actresses, and handsome actors, make their daily bread and gasoline change simply because their pulchritude registers magically upon celluloid. Many of Hollywood's movie celebrities have already felt the financial pinch occasioned by the curtailment of picture production in California, and the suspension of screen activities in several eastern and western studios.

What are the film folks going to do about it? How are they going to keep the wolf away from the vestibule?

Unfortunately for the screen actors and actresses, they do not belong to a union which pays its members their regular weekly salaries when out of work. Consequently, it is up to each individual to find a means of keeping the weekly wage stream flowing into the bank. To the person not on the "inside" of the show business, it may seem a simple thing for a beautiful woman whose name is famous all over the country, to pick up a thousand-dollar-a-week job by offering the public some kind of entertainment and amusement.

But, it is not so simple after all. For the screen star who has earned a stage reputation previous to her presentation on the silver sheet, it is less difficult to secure a part in a stage play, or a vaudeville engagement. However, there are hundreds of men and women in the world of silver make-believe who came directly to the films without ever making a bow across the footlights. They won their way to motion picture popularity because they possessed what is known in studio parlance as a "screen personality." This type of personal appeal may fall as flat as a thin pancake when exhibited on the speaking stage.

So, we come to this. Those screen stars who are now jobless on account of the sudden cessation of picture production, have a chance to land a part on the dramatic, or vaudeville stage, if they have had previous successful experience behind the footlights. Failing to secure stage roles, and feeling the necessity to keep earning an income, these same people will be forced to turn to whatever money-making opportunities fate and chance may offer. As to the inexperienced stage actors and actresses, they have no other alternative except to take whatever pot luck the gods may offer.

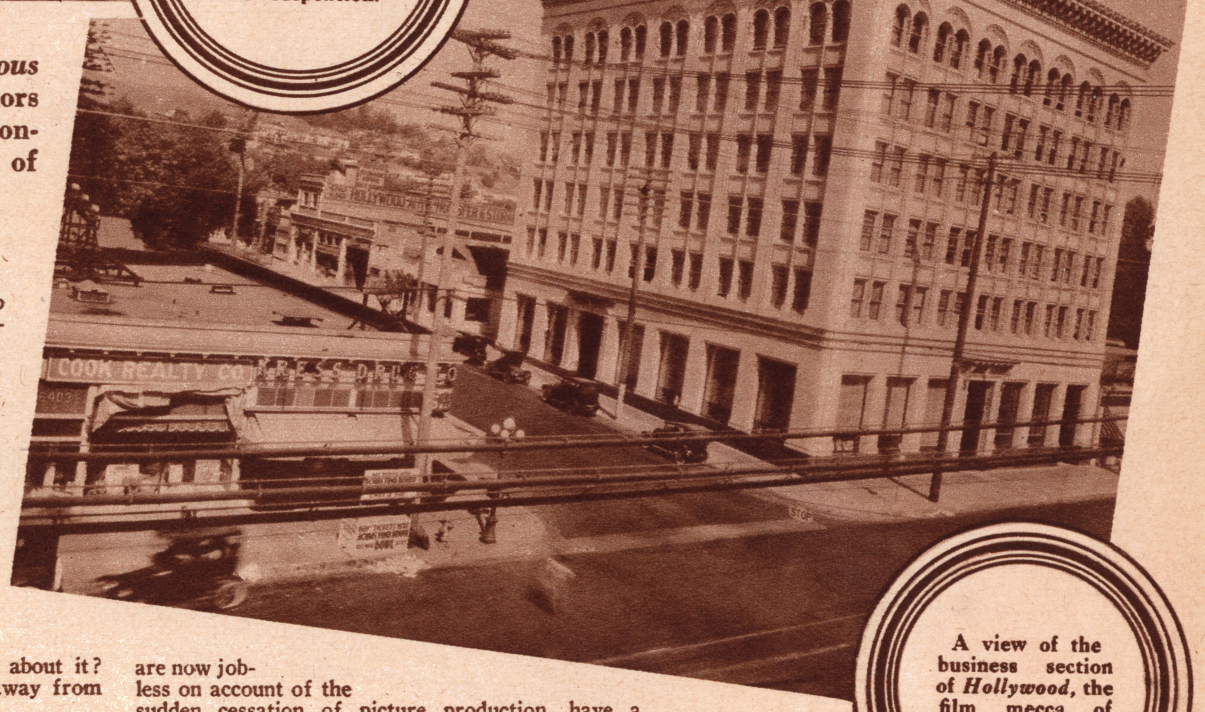
Already a few famous movie folks have been fortunate enough to find their way to the stage door. These lucky ones are rehearsing parts preparatory to returning to Broadway and provincial audiences, via the footlight route.

Genial Tom Moore, who has given thousands of fans many laughing moments as a screen star, leads the caravan back to stageland. Shortly after it was announced that Famous Players-Lasky had shut down, Tom broadcasted the fact that he was booked to appear as a co-star with O. P. Heggie in a new melodrama under the title of "The Cup." This play is not of the type that has always furnished the attractive Irishman with a chance to break hearts and bring smiles. He opened at the Fulton Theatre in New York a few days ago in "The Cup."

MOORE has been away from the speaking stage so many years that there are many confirmed theatre-goers who may not remember him except as a screen star. But Tom was a dazzling performer in the era before the coming of the moving pictures.

Piquant Anita Stewart has decided that she cannot exist without her regular influx of pin money which the movies have supplied her with for many past moons. And so Anita will soon be taking calls from big-time vaudeville audiences.

In good old American "slanguage," everything is "jake" for the above pair, who possess the duplex talents so necessary to both stage and screen success. But things are not so rosy with many others. It would not be quite fair to mention the names out loud of several screen stars whose ability as entertainers does not equip them with the right make-up for footlight appearances. But, you know, and I know, that some of the dear girls may have to open tea rooms, start dancing schools, or become glorified hostesses at Broadway cabarets during the "hard times" that have struck the movie acting profession.



A view of the business section of *Hollywood*, the film mecca of the *West Coast*.

As for a few of the boys whose handsome

Stars in Hollywood do now?

countenances have stirred thrilling and tender emotions in many a young, susceptible heart . . . alas, and alack, some of these chaps may be constrained to take up their pre-movie occupations, which are said to range from delicatessen-clerking to the toil of merely living a society man's life.

Yes, it's going to be a tough winter for everybody in filmland whose contract doesn't call for cash under all circumstances. Of course, as I predicted in my story concerning the Famous Players-Lasky close-down, there are many famous Hollywood folks, like Tom Meighan and Gloria Swanson, who will be awarded "six months with pay" vacations. But, the great majority of players did not have contracts which protected them under these circumstances. They were merely engaged for a picture. Upon completion of the picture they became free agents, and as such it is up to them to punch the time clock on some other studio set if they expect to collect their berries at the end of the week.

THE vaudeville stage seems to be the objective of most of the jobless movie-ites, and already the jam of hopefuls from filmland has thrown several vaudeville booking offices into an uproar. Most of the girls want to go on without any real act. The idea in their wise little brains seem to be that their best stunt is to exhibit themselves with very little patter, and some soft music. Of course, it's a sad blow for them when they learn that vaudeville is no longer a mere art exhibit, or a physical culture show. Vaudeville has long ago cast away the idea that a beautiful woman can promenade across the stage and get away with the act simply because she is a picture star.

Possibly a few big guns in movieland like Mary Pickford, or Pola Negri, because she is still a curiosity in America, as well as an intriguing beauty, could do the marching role in the glamor of the footlights and win a round of hand clapping, but most anybody else would be given the air for that alone.

This storming of the vaudeville agencies by the unemployed from Hollywood, has thrown a panic into the ranks of those who never abandoned vaudeville for the glamor of silver screen fame. It is a new kind of competition on a wholesale basis, which they both fear and resent.

Bebe Daniels, another *Paramount* star, who will go on the legitimate stage until *Famous* opens up again

A group of extras in *Hollywood*, who, it is thought, will suffer most by the lay-off.

Already there is a scheme being formulated by certain headliners in this type of theatrical work, to protect their interests from what they describe as the temporary invasion of their chosen field by players who only desire to use their stage as a means of keeping the old pocketbook bulging with the currency of the realm.

Two movie players have already been successful in obtaining vaudeville chances Edward Everett Horton, formerly a stock lead, but lately a well-known picture actor, has left the quietude of Hollywood for the blare and blaze of Broadway, where he will launch a tour of the larger cities in a vaudeville act. Jack Gardner, who has been appearing under the Paramount banner for some time past, is planning to return to vaudeville with his wife, Louise Dresser, who is still working on the Lasky lot, and will be working before the camera, completing a film, for the next few weeks.

KEITH bookers have literally been swamped with offers on picture stars who are anxious to speak a line or two in the theatres of this well-known circuit. According to statments given out on this matter, a large number of Hollywood favorites have been signed up to do "specialty dance" acts. For instance, there are two girls in the pictures who have made quite a reputation as dancers in scenes which called for more than ordinary ability to keep both feet and body in rhythm with jazz and classical strains. One of them is not posing before the camera these days on account of the Famous edict. I allude to Miss Constance Binney, whose grace is par excellence.

Now, there's nothing to keep Constance from signing a neat dancing contract for a vaudeville engagement to sort of tide her over during the bleak, empty winter days of screen inactivity. This is providing, of course, that she has not a picture engagement with some other film company, unknown to me at the present time. Corinne Griffith deals in Terpsichorean rhythm on a wholesale scale, and if she were not doing her film stuff in

(*Continued on page 28*)

The GIRL WHO WAS NEVER SAFE

So beautiful that men besought her unceasingly, Grace Harper battled desperately for her honor over the sights of her rifle barrel in this, the fourth facinating instalment of this powerful fiction serial

By John R. Coryell

What has gone before:

Society had gathered for sports at Santa Isabella, one of the most beautiful resorts in California. Just before the two hundred and twenty-yard dash, in which only men are entered, beautiful, athletic Grace Harper, poorly dressed, asks to be allowed to run in the race. She wins, and receives a ten dollar gold piece, then rushes home to tell her parents and to take the money to the man who holds the mortgage on her father's home. On the lonely road she meets a stranger.

He stops her and demands a kiss. Grace discovers it is young Don Morton, notorious for his escapades. She strikes him with her whip and rides away. On her way back she is captured by Don Morton's men and brought to a lonely house. She succeeds in locking Morton in a room and escapes from him. However, on her ride home she is again pursued.

Being a remarkable riflewoman, Grace scares away her pursuers and arrives home safely. She does not tell her father about the affair with young Don Morton. The thought that he and Will, a childhood chum, had both told her she was beautiful, sticks in her mind, and when she sees a beauty contest advertised in one of the magazines, she enters. The prize is a thousand dollars and she hopes to win and pay off the mortgage on her father's home. She sends her picture and is accepted as a contestant. Don Morton scuceeds in bringing her to a lonely spot to meet him by sending her a message that someone who has had an accident needs her.

SHE was riding over to see one of her girl friends to talk about the dance, when she was met by a little native Californian girl, who told her in a breathless way that her little brother had fallen over a cliff in Three-Mile Canyon, and begged her piteously to go to his rescue while she ran home to her father.

With the assurance that she would do everything in her power, Grace dug her heels into her horse's sides and in less than ten minutes was at the scene of the accident. As she leaped off her horse and tied the animal to a tree, Don Morton stepped from behind a great rock and accosted her.

"Forgive the trick, Grace. I'm the little boy," he said. The recollection of the way he had had her abducted on the previous occasion was so fresh in her memory that, without a word, she swiftly untied her mare and was for leaping on its back, when he said:

"You have no need to fear me, now, Grace. I knew you would not see me if I asked you to do so, and I was afraid to go to your house for fear your father might use violence."

"I am not afraid of you," she answered curtly, "and you need have no fear of father. He knows nothing of what happened. But you'd better be careful that he doesn't!"

"I WANT to apologize for what I did, Grace. I want to say that I regret the wrong I did you, and that I am ready to make it right by marrying you."

"Marry!" she cried, scornfully; "why, I would not marry you under any conceivable circumstances. Marry a man who would do what you have done? You must be crazy!"

Before he could make any response, a clatter of hoofs fell upon their ears, and Grace, imagining she was going to be attacked by some of his scoundrels, leaped on her horse and grasped her rifle. In a moment a party of young people, acquaintances of hers, swept by at a gallop, nodding to her, and looking with obvious surprise from her to Don Morton.

"You scoundrel!" she cried, in sudden, fierce passion. . . . The world shall know of your conduct to me."

When they had gone by, he dropped his air of humility, which he had worn until then, and burst into a sardonic laugh.

"Do you know what they will think?" he said. And when Grace only looked wonderingly at him, he went on: "They will think you have met me here by appointment; and to meet Don Morton, I am sorry to say, is not a certificate of character for a young lady."

"You scoundrel!" she cried, in sudden, fierce passion, as she realized that what he had said was true. "And you plotted this! Oh, you cur! But it will not serve your purpose. I shall explain to everybody how it came about, and the world shall know of your conduct to me the other day."

"Too late, my dear," Don Morton declared, with a wicked laugh of triumph; "that is all prepared for. You will see when you reach home. Make up your mind, my dear, that when Don Morton takes a fancy to a girl it will save her a lot of trouble to yield without unnecessary struggling. So good-bye for the present, and prepare yourself for a surprise when you reach home."

He darted into a path leading down the canyon, and was gone, leaving Grace with a feeling of undefined terror in her heart.

CHAPTER VIII

A Letter

Grace remained motionless where Don Morton had left her, for several minutes; then mechanically she turned her horse's head and started once more for her friend's house.

But the more she reflected on what had happened, the more sinister it seemed to her, and finally she turned her mare fully about and set out for home again at a gallop.

Just what young Morton could have meant by his conduct in enticing her to that spot to meet him, and then by keeping her there until her friends had passed, she could not comprehend in the least; and it was because she believed she would find something at home to solve the mystery that she was hastening there.

The swifter the little mare sped along, the more rapidly Grace's thoughts flew; she began to put questions to herself: Could Don Morton have known that those young people would pass that way? If he had known it, why should he have detained her there by expressions of humility and contrition, only to sneer and laugh at her as soon as they had gone by? And why had he said they would be sure to think she had met him there by appointment? What was she to discover when she reached home? And why should she have that unpleasant sense of foreboding?

WELL, there was the house, and she soon would know whether he had been only trying to alarm her, or if there really was something sinister threatening her. And so, more than half ashamed of her precipitate return, she put her horse in the stable and went into the house.

"There's a letter for you on the table," her mother said, as she entered the kitchen.

Grace glanced over at the table and saw an envelope lying on it. Instead of leaping on it, as she usually did on a letter, she asked, hesitatingly:

"Who's it from?"

"I don't know. A boy brought it. From one of the girls, maybe."

Grace looked at it doubtfully, and went over and picked it up. It was addressed in a man's hand, and on the back was a monogram; and if she had not been able to decipher the D and the M, she would still have known that the writing was Don Morton's.

She did not know why she, who was usually so resolute and so prompt of action, should hesitate to open this note, which would perhaps explain the mystery of the morning's encounter. The fact was, however, that she could not rid herself

of the sensation of having been tangled in a web of intrigue.

"Sue Wilton was one of that party," she said to herself, as she stood irresolute, with the letter unopened in her hand. Sue Wilton was a girl of the neighborhood who had shown herself jealous of Will's friendship for Grace.

"Who is it from?" asked her mother, looking around from her work.

"I haven't read it yet," answered Grace. "I guess I'l go up and change my clothes so as to help father."

"From Will, eh?" laughed her mother, priding herself on her cleverness.

"NO, IT isn't from him," Grace said as she left the room. When she was alone, with her door shut, she cast away hesitation and tore open the envelope.

"Dearest Grace," it began, much to her indignation, "after what has taken place between us, you will not be surprised at receiving this. I want to acknowledge the great wrong I have done you, and to say that I wish to offer all the reparation in my power.

"Of course, you cannot expect me to make you my wife"—Grace uttered a low cry of wonder which changed to one of passionate anger as she read on—"for a man never marries the woman he has dishonored if he can help it. But if I cannot marry you, I can and will take care of you, if you will consent not to force yourself upon me any more."

"The scoundrel! How dare he! How dare he!" she cried.

"Carry out the plan we agreed upon," the letter went on; "go to New York, ostensibly to enter the beauty competition, and you shall receive a stated sum of money monthly. This is my last word. I am very sorry, but since you forced yourself upon me, I cannot feel myself to blame for your downfall.

Regretfully yours,
Don Morton."

Aghast at the infamy of this extraordinary letter, Grace stared at it in dull incomprehension. For a while she could see in it only a dastardly and purposeless insult; but as she stood there, with flushed face and heaving bosom, the former idea of being entangled in a web of intrigue returned to her.

"Why did he write such a thing?" she asked herself. "Can it be purposeless excepting to insult me? Did he suppose I would show this letter to anyone? What does it mean? What does it mean?"

The answer was difficult to guess. How was one so pure and unsophisticated as she to fathom the depths of infamy to which a Don Morton could sink in his efforts to accomplish his vile purposes?

She would have scornfully dismissed the letter and the writer from her mind, only that it was so clear that the letter was but a part of a sinister plot of which she was the victim. She would have taken the letter to her father, but for the certainty that he would wreak a terrible vengeance on the scoundrel who had thus impeached the honor of his daughter.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "he counts on my showing his letter to Father, in the hope that he will do something rash; but in that, at least, I will thwart him. I will destroy the letter and not even speak of it."

IN PURSUANCE of this determination, she took the letter down to the kitchen and threw it into the stove, where it soon was reduced to ashes. She had a vague idea that in destroying the letter she would rid her thoughts of the writer and his plots; but in this she was deceived: her thoughts kept going around and around the circle of what had happened.

"Who was your letter from?" her mother asked.

"It was nothing of consequence," she answered. "Where's father?"

Mrs. Harper was easily turned from the subject, and did not revert to it again. Grace went about her accustomed tasks in a silence very unusual with her. That evening her father startled her out of her preoccupation by saying suddenly:

"It seems that Don Morton has left hurriedly for the East."

"How do you know?" she cried, quickly.

"I met Ben Tetlow as he was crossing the ranch on his way from the town. Some wretched scandal back of his hurry, Ben seemed to think."

If she had been struck a blow in the face, Grace could not have been more startled. Instinctively she knew that his departure had some relation to her, and the suggestion that a scandal was connected with Don Morton's leaving home made her shudder. She felt that these things were parts of the web that was being woven about her.

If there had been an open assault upon her, she would have met it with calm courage, but the subtlety and indirection which characterized Don Morton's attack upon her filled her with an undefined terror.

"The country is well rid of him, I fancy," her father went on. "Ben said there was a let of talk about him. I didn't ask any questions."

When the man was almost opposite her, she raised her rifle and cried sharply: "Hands up!"

Grace asked none; she was deep in thought. She could not see how anything could come of any plot against her, however subtly laid, and yet she was uneasy; and the next day her uneasiness was justified.

It was her custom to ride over to the post-office each morning for the mail and to do any necessary errands. On the morning after her meeting with Don Morton she went over, as usual, on her swift little mare, and found in the office a letter for herself.

It was from one of her girl friends, as she knew at a glance, and she tore it open as she stood in the post-office, eager to know what it contained, for it entered her mind at once that it must be about the proposed dance. It was, but not in any way she could have fancied. It was a formal announcement, and read as follows:

"The Entertainment Committee begs to inform Miss Grace Harper that it is the unanimous decision of those interested in the dance proposed in her honor that it should not take place as intended."

Grace choked back a little cry, crumpled the note in her hand, and darted from the post-office. Without stopping, she sprang upon her mare and rode swiftly out of the village.

It seemed to her, though she could not be sure, that she had noticed more than one person looking at her curiously, as if she had an especial interest for them, but she did not concern herself about that. She was going to the house of Sue Wilton to demand the meaning of the note.

SUE WILTON was a member of the committee; Sue had had a secret ill-will toward her for a long time; Sue had been one of those who had seen her in conversation with Don Morton. It seemed to Grace that there could be no doubt that she was the person to speak to.

Of course, there might still be some other explanation of the matter, but Grace was determined not to leave that to chance. Don Morton had done enough to justify her in believing that she was being made the victim of a plot.

Perhaps Sue had seen her coming toward the house. She was crossing rapidly over a stubble field toward the woods, as if to avoid her. If so, she reckoned without Grace's sharp eyes and equally sharp decision; for Grace saw her as she swept along and pulled up instantly.

She leaped from the mare, flung the reins over a post, vaulted the fence, and soon overtook Sue, who, at the sound of her peremptory tone, stopped in midfield, looking as frightened as a naughty child caught in its dereliction.

"What does that note from the committee mean, Sue?" Grace demanded, her brown eyes flashing.

"We — we thought there wouldn't be t-time for it, Grace."

"I want the truth."

"That—that is——"

"It is not. I want the truth, and will have it. Why was that note sent to me?"

"I guess you know as well as I do," Sue answered, sullenly.

"I do not."

"You know we saw you with Don Morton yesterday."

"What has that to do with it?"

"I don't know if you don't," answered Sue, gaining courage and speaking with a certain defiance.

"You know what interpretation you have put on seeing me with him. I can tell you that it was an accident, so far as I was concerned. I was decoyed there on the pretense that a child had fallen down the arroyo."

"Never saw Don Morton before, of course," said Sue, and then shrank back with a cry of fear at the sight of the change that had come over Grace's face.

"Yes, once—no, twice, before."

"Well, I don't know how many times you've met him," said Sue, sullenly, and as if she had no more to say.

"Why was that note sent to me?" Grace demanded.

"YOU know we saw you with Don or you wouldn't be here talking about Don Morton."

"Then it has something to do with him?"

"You know it well enough."

"I only suspect. Sue, you are a girl, and have a reputation that is dear to you, I suppose. If you have the least sense of decency, you will tell me why that note was sent to me. Is my name linked with Don Morton's in any way?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Why don't you ask somebody else? I don't like to be telling disagreebale things. Besides, they aren't things for a girl to be talking of."

"Oh!" gasped Grace, shutting her white teeth hard together. "Nevertheless, since you wrote the note, as I suspect, you will tell me the disagree-

(*Continued on page 26*)

The basis of *Mary Pickford's* success is her irresistible combination of beauty, brains and talent.

"BEAUTY!" cries the Casting Office "BRAINS!" shouts the Director

Dual functionaries war over selection of *types* for *screen personalities*—*Public* demands *talent*

By Alma M. Talley

WHICH would you rather be, if you could take your choice of good qualities — beautiful or brainy? Now, think twice before you answer. Most girls would probably pick beauty without an instant's hesitation, but remember, when you're choosing, that beauty fades and—what are you going to do after it's faded? Probably that's why many women can't hold their husbands; when their beauty's gone, they've nothing left.

But then, too, if you've brains without beauty, you might not be able to get a husband in the first place—except that nowadays men are more inclined to want wives with a little sense. But anyway, it's a hard choice.

And so the motion picture industry has found it!

For, the unfortunate truth is, beauty and brains don't seem to like each other very well. Think over your own acquaintances. Now there's Helen, for instance, who is quite beautiful, but by the time she has remarked "You said it!" or "Aren't you the clever man?" her repertoire is at an end. Her brain has ceased to function.

On the other hand, there's plain Jane. You have to keep your brain well oiled to keep up with what's going on in her mind. But certainly no one would pick her out for the beauty prize.

Pola Negri's acquaintances say she is witty and brilliant, as well as beautiful.

And that's the problem that worries the movie producers in their constant search for new faces. There are plenty of "new" faces, all right, if you're not particular what kind of faces they are, or you don't care what's behind them! But finding a beautiful face with a brain attachment—ah, there's the difficulty, as any picture producer can tell you. Consider the task of the poor casting director. "We want a blonde beauty, about five feet three," he is told, "to play the part of Helen of Troy."

And the casting director is hard put to it to find Helen of Troy. She must be beautiful, of course—"the face that launched a thousand ships"—the c. d. figures as he closely scans the face of every blonde who comes into his office. Many an ambitious maiden turns away, crestfallen. She may have been pretty enough on her own back porch in Kalamazoo, but up against real competition—no, she won't do. She must be beautiful.

Until, at last, after weeks of searching, Helen of Troy walks in—or so the casting director decides after taking one look. Beautiful—why, she is dazzling. And gleefully he sends her to the producer, as a real find.

The producer interviews her. He talks to her for ten minutes. She can easily tell him all she knows in ten minutes. And out he dashes to the casting director.

"What do you mean by sending me a dumb-bell like that?" he exclaims, heatedly. "Why, she thinks Helen of Troy worked in a collar factory."

So the struggle is on. "Beauty!" cries the casting director, searching faces, like Diogenes of old.

"Brains!" screams the producer, "brains and beauty!"

And then the director enters into it—the man who is going to work with the leading woman when she is found.

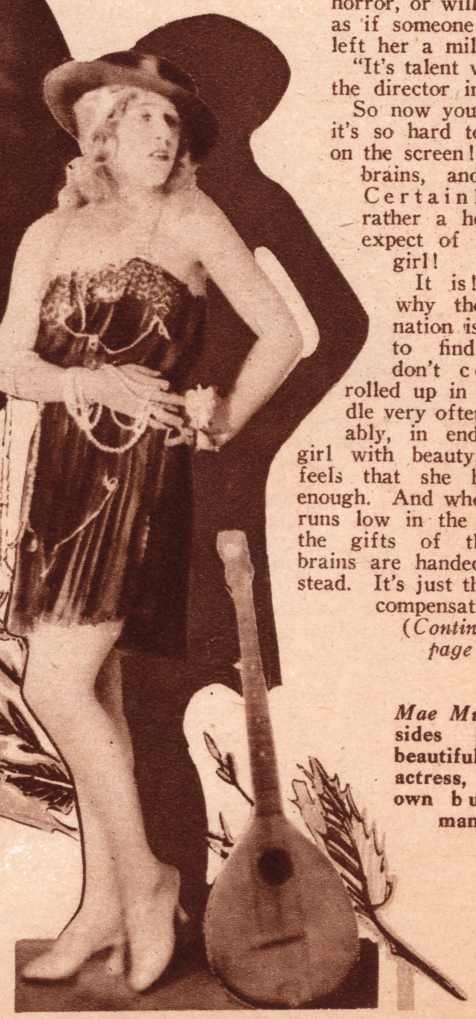
"Beauty and brains are all right," he proclaims, "but I want talent! How can you make a girl act when she was born to be a cook? She may have a beautiful face, but what good is that if the face can't register anything? And as for brains—what if she can recite poetry and do logarithms? The question is, when you tell her to register horror, can she register horror, or will she look as if someone had just left her a million?

"It's talent we want," the director insists!

So now you see why it's so hard to succeed on the screen! Beauty, brains, and talent! Certainly that's rather a headful to expect of one poor girl!

It is! That's why the combination is so hard to find. They don't come all rolled up in one bundle very often. Probably, in endowing a girl with beauty, Nature feels that she has done enough. And when beauty runs low in the stock of the gifts of the gods, brains are handed out instead. It's just the law of compensation. And

(*Continued on page 27*)



Mae Murray, besides being a beautiful, clever actress, is her own business manager.

How to Raise a "SYSTEM" BABY

BY Mae MARSH

Charming young screen star and _mother_ relates _modus operandi_ whereby children are brought up according to _schedule_

By Grace Kingsley

IF YOU want to find out how to run a system baby, ask Mae Marsh.

Little Mary Armes is a system child, and she is the picture of health and happiness. She is four years old.

"But I rocked her," said Mae. "System or no system, I rocked my baby!" There was an Irish twinkle in her eye.

Remember the old days, when we used to consider a dose of castor oil and a clump over the head for the fractious child as complete treatment for childish ills and childish temperament? Not so, these days. In this age of hurry, worry, electricity, nerve-wrack and rush, when children have no place to play, when their sole entertainment often is unhealthy pictures in unhealthful picture houses, little ones have to be cherished much more carefully than in the old days of the big backyard, lawns and the vacant lot next door.

Not by any means was Mae Marsh herself a system baby. Her mother had six children and not too much money.

"We all thrived nicely," said Mae, "on the castor oil and the clump-over the-head treatment. But mother was a wonderful mother. Somehow she saw to it we had fresh air and sensible, plain food, and that we romped outdoors."

Little Mary herself was at the moment having her sun bath in the morning room of the pretty bungalow which Louis Lee Armes got for his family as soon as they struck Hollywood. Because no little system baby must live in an apartment or flat, but in a regular house with a regular yard.

With the California sun streaming into Mae's Hollywood bungalow, and little Mary disporting herself in a little pair of trunks, with the sunshine on her healthy little body, Mae told me all about how to run a system baby.

"Little Mary never tasted candy until she was nearly three years old," explained her mama. "Then somebody slipped her a piece when we weren't looking. She isn't allowed much sweet even now. Why, yes, of course, she is crazy for sweets.

"We always have a sleeping porch for her. She has slept outdoors ever since she was nine months old. Even in the East, where it snows in winter time, she always slept out-of-doors.

"And I took all the care of my baby myself when she was first born," explained Mae. "A little baby needs its mother, no matter how good the nurse may be.

"Mary goes to bed every night at seven o'clock, and hardly ever awakens all night. She rises fairly early, and has a light breakfast. She has her lunch at 11:30 and her dinner at 5:30. Her food has been varied at different ages. She has always eaten according to schedule. She eats only a certain amount and kind of food, and she must never go over or under this amount. She has green vegetables and lately has had tomatoes. She drinks a quart of milk a day. She has lamb one day for dinner, chicken one day, beef one day and bacon and eggs twice a week. She has a certain amount of fruit. She has had no cabbage nor cauliflower yet. She was two years old before she had any meat. She does not eat with the family, but her governess is usually with her at meals.

"Oh, yes, she had a little crying spell today at lunch time. I told her she must stop crying then, because it wasn't good for her. If she wanted to cry later on in the afternoon, all right!

"Little Mary never tasted candy until she was nearly three years old," said _Miss Marsh._

"MARY is naturally a very high strung child, so we have to be more careful that she does not get nervous than we should have to be of many children.

"She romps around in the yard, and sometimes plays with other children. She makes up a lot of games. She has a doll named Lammie. I have had to paint so many faces on that rag doll that I'm getting to be an expert. I made a little cloak for her this morning, but Mary declares I put it on the doll hind-side-before. You see, Lammie's face is almost off now. The other night Mary woke up and called to me from her room: 'Muzzer, I can't find Lammie's face in the dark! Won't you please put a safety pin in her face so I can find it at night?

"Mary has never seen a moving picture, except Charlie Chaplin in 'The Pilgrim.' The nurse took her while we were down in Florida, without my knowing it. She has been playing that picture ever since! She tries to eat her crackers the way Charlie did, and she is always playing she is under the train. Pictures are rather bad for a little child's nerves. I don't think Charlie's picture did Mary any harm, but there are many that I wouldn't have her see for the world.

"Children's stories are carefully selected nowadays. They aren't told the story of Little Red Riding Hood, for instance, any more. Fairy stories are Mary's delight, and she is always playing them."

Baby Mary isn't supposed ever to (*Continued on page* 29)

"Little Mary" Marsh, infant daughter of _Mae Marsh,_ the popular screen star.

"Long Live the King"

Jackie Coogan is a very small person, but he plays a great big role in "*Long Live the King.*"

"*Under the Red Robe,*" "*His Children's Children*" and "*David Copperfield,*" are among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by Mary Jane Warren

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

Jackie Coogan's Best Picture

Presented by Metro, with a cast composed of Jackie Coogan, Rosemary Theby, Ruth Renick, Vera Lewis, Alan Hale, Alan Forest, Walt Whitman, Robert Brower, Raymond Lee, Monti Collins, Alan Sears, Eddie Boland, Ruth Handforth, Loretta McDermott and Henry Barrows. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.

Jackie Coogan has already outgrown the cute kid stage and in "Long Live the King" he emerges brilliantly as an actor of exceptional ability and personality. Not that we do not think Jackie displayed this ability in his previous pictures. But this new effort is entirely different from any of his former pictures, and it is by far the very best thing he has ever done. As Crown Prince Otto of Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous story, this diminutive screen star gains the undisputed right to stand foremost among the screen notables of the present day.

The picture is filled to overflowing with amusing situations. It would, we think, be almost impossible to sit through the whimsical and delightful episodes without softening to the point of at least a smile, no matter how dark and dreary your mood. Jackie himself grows on you so gradually and so firmly that by the end of the picture you will have fallen completely, a victim to his radiant personality and sincere little face.

"Long Live the King" boasts of a real story. How few productions can do that these days! The plot runs smoothly and interestingly to a dandy climax. Altogether it is a worthwhile picture and the cast of players supporting Jackie do so in a manner quite in keeping with his own talent.

Robert Mantell and *John Charles Thomas*, both of stage fame, in a scene from "*Under the Red Robe.*"

"UNDER THE RED ROBE"

A Costume Picture of Great Beauty, But Little Action

Presented at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, New York, with a cast headed by John Charles Thomas, Robert Mantell, Alma Rubens, Sydney Herbert, Mary MacLaren, Rose Coghlan and Otto Kruger.

"Under the Red Robe" is a film version of the famous story of the same name by Stanley Weyman. We did not read the book, but if the film follows the story closely, then the book must be dull. For "Under the Red Robe" is decidedly and definitely dull. There is nothing to redeem it but beautiful sets. They are so beautiful that we don't remember ever having seen their equal, but even beauty becomes tiresome when a story is as apathetic as this one.

In the first place, the picture is entirely too long. It is heavily laden with slow moving situations and long and ponderous titles. The dullness must have been contagious, for even the characters display as little action as it is possible to display and still remain before the camera. We do hope that this is the last costume picture we shall be called upon to view for many moons. At best they are risky, but when devoid of story, dramatic situations and good acting, they are so dull as to be almost impossible.

Evidently "Under the Red Robe" is an attempt at something really fine. The cast sounds so good that we certainly expected at least fair entertainment. John Charles Thomas, he of the golden voice, is the hero. We wonder why he decided to go in the movies. His success on the legitimate stage has gained him a splendid reputation, but as a movie hero we are sure he will not repeat that success.

Robert Mantell and Alma Rubens handle the two other leading roles fairly well. However, we are inclined to think that the entire cast struggled through many scenes without quite knowing what it was all about, which was bound to effect their work.

When a film has had the time, money and care spent on it that "Under the Red Robe" had, and it proves such dull entertainment, it is a regrettable fact, indeed.

is Jackie Coogan's best

"HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN"

A Jazzy Tale of the Smart Set

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, James Fawcett, Katheryn Leah, Mahlon Hamilton, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland and John Davidson. Directed by Sam Wood.

Epidemics do occur in the Moving Picture World. As proof of this assertion, we point to the apparent craze for costume pictures. At least the craze exists among the producers, if not to any great degree among the movie public. Along with the costume epidemic, we are also passing through a season of films whereby the masses are shown the true state of affairs as they exist among the socially prominent people of modern America, particularly the wealthy flapper and afternoon tea (?) addict. We have long suspected, though we are not a member of the smart set, that things among the moneyed folk were not exactly as pictured. And the most disgusting part of it is that after showing us a series of stupid and almost impossible escapades, the modern young things are usually brought to their senses by a great tragedy, and thereby hangs (or is supposed to hang) a moral.

Perhaps a film of this brand that is really interesting, true to life, and with a convincing moral, will eventually find its way to the screen before the passing of the flapper. The latest, "His Children's Children," is not it. This picture is no worse than others of the same type, neither is it any better. By this we do not mean that it is entirely uninteresting. Occasionally it is enough to command your undivided attention, particularly if you get a kick out of these wild, jazzy, movie parties. Then, "His Children's Children" will be sufficient unto the evening.

Little David Copperfield," played by *Buddy Martin,* is defended by the charming *Dora (Karina Bell).*

"His Children's Children" (*Dorothy Mackaill* and *Bebe Daniels*), with their jazz and cocktails, give poor old Grandpa (*George Fawcett*) cause for worry.

Our chief quarrel with it is the forced manner of most of the characters, and the jumpy, hectic episodes. There is no smoothness of plot. And the characters, being told that according to the script they were irresponsible, wild and reckless creatures, heading straight for perdition, strained themselves almost to the breaking point to live up to their roles. They dashed in and out of silly escapades for no good reason, and proving nothing in connection with the story. And at the usual tragic moment, they saw the folly of their ways and mended them.

Bebe Daniels is one of the jazzy children's children, but it is hardly fair to judge her in this role. She has so little to do and the little there is, is poor material indeed. George Fawcett, as the grandfather, was the only one called upon to do any acting and he acquitted himself splendidly. Dorothy Mackaill, as the flighty child, is mostly ornamental.

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"DAVID COPPERFIELD"

A Delightful Character Study

Presented at the Cameo Theatre, New York, by Associated Exhibitors, with a cast composed of foreign screen players.

Despite the fact that "David Copperfield" is very often tedious, it is a charming character study, nicely flavored with the quaint atmosphere of a Dickens story. After the first reel or two we realized that it was decidedly not one of those pictures that contain "pep" and "punch," but a rather slow moving, evenly directed photoplay, depending not on dramatic climaxes for its attraction, but rather on the careful picturization of the familiar Dickens characters.

As such, it merits some praise. Dickens was most skillful in sketching character, and in making the picture version of "David Copperfield," the director was extremely wise in sticking closely to the book, and concentrating on the clear defining of each character. In so doing he has succeeded (*Continued on page* 30)

ANTONIO MORENO
who is appearing in
"The Spanish Dancer"

MARY ASTOR
who is appearing in
"Beau Brummel"

BEGINNING

The MAIL MAN

A smashing new serial portraying the perils of the *postal service*. Fictionized from the *Film Booking Office's* screen version of *Emile Johnson's* original story

By Charles Warnerby

SHIFTING his bag from his left shoulder, grown so weary now from its burden that even the steadily diminishing stock of letters seemed scarcely to lighten, Bob Morley turned into a side street on the last lap of his afternoon route with the mail.

"Hello, Mr. Morley!"

Bob paused an instant, smiling down into the cheery little upturned face that greeted him, and then, with an answering "hello," entered the yard of the first house on the street, ringing the bell and blowing a short blast on his whistle.

The door before which he waited swung quickly open, and a middle-aged woman stood disclosed to view.

"A letter now, Mr. Morley?" she inquired eagerly, as Bob sought dexterously in the depths of the bundle in his hand.

The postman nodded smilingly, as he gave her a letter, and an instant later the door had closed after him and he was on his way to the house the next but one that was farther down the street.

A glance at the bundle of letters in his hand brought a look of anxious concern to the kindly, honest face of Bob Morley. About the edge of the letter was traced a narrow band of black, and he knew only too well the bad news it contained.

A sad-faced little woman opened the door for him, and with sympathetic concern he handed her the letter which he knew contained the details of her son's death.

HE LINGERED a moment while she opened the missive and examined its sad contents.

"About Harry, Mrs. Carson?" he inquired gently, certain of the news that her face was telling him only too plainly the letter contained.

The little woman nodded, swallowing a lump in her throat. She was striving bravely to keep from breaking down, and Bob, with sympathetic understanding, moved to depart.

"Yes," her thin voice quavered finally in response. "It was a train that did it . . . while he was crossing a railroad track . . . my daughter writes . . ." And her voice broke in a quiet sob.

Bob muttered, "Too bad. I'm sorry, Mrs. Carson," and backed out of the doorway to the steps, where he turned and continued on his route again.

"Nice little woman," he murmured to himself as he proceeded on his way, stopping here and there with the mail of his route. At last, this completed, he turned his steps toward home in the fag end of the afternoon.

A trolley car on Maple Street bore him swiftly homeward through the gathering autumn dusk, and he climbed the porch of his little home with a feeling of intense relief. He was tired tonight and the prospect of the evening at home was pleasant to contemplate.

"Hello, there, mother!" he sang out as he closed the door after him.

A happy response from an inner room, from which a good odor of cooking also emanated, brought a look of even greater satisfaction to Bob Morley's face. Before he had a chance to open the door leading from the hall in which he stood to the living room beyond, it was opened by a pretty girl of fourteen, who came out like a rocket into the postman's arms.

"Play 'My Sweetie Went Away,'" said *Bob*, who knew *Betty* liked the jazz tunes.

"Daddy!" she cried laughingly as Bob gave her a resounding kiss on the cheek.

In the room beyond stood Mrs. Morley, a pleasant-faced woman of fifty, who awaited with a cheerful smile her husband's approach. At one end of the room the dining table stood prepared for supper, and as Bob, with a comfortable sense of well-being, entered its cozily lighted interior, a door at the farther end opened and a handsome lad of twenty appeared.

"Hello, Dad!" the boy greeted.

WITH another smiling glance at her husband, Mrs. Morley departed for the kitchen, followed by Betty, while Bob slipped into a chair and looked smilingly up at his son, who had paused in front of him.

"Was the last route a big one?" the latter inquired, noting his father's air of fatigue. The postman nodded cheerfully but wearily.

"That's too bad, Dad," the boy continued. "I've just come from the office and Bill Conrad, the night collector, is sick. The Superintendent wanted you to take his route."

A look of concern crossed the elder Morley's face as he heard the news that his associate was ill, but the prospect of the night's toil never daunted him.

"Well, I'll look in on you at the office, Johnnie," he replied, "just after you finish sorting the last batch of mail. Then we can come home together."

"Fine, Dad," the boy replied, "but I'm sorry you've got to work tonight."

The entrance of Mrs. Morley and Betty with the supper put an end to further colloquy between father and son.

They seated themselves at the dining table, and the meal commenced with its usual atmosphere of gaiety and good cheer.

"That Mrs. Carson on Twelfth Street got the whole news of her son's death today," Bob remarked.

"Oh, isn't that sad!" Mrs. Morley exclaimed.

"Yes," answered her husband. "He was just a young feller, too."

Mrs. Morley glanced with fond concern at Johnnie, and a question rose to her lips regarding the care he must take of his own safety.

BUT Johnnie interrupted his mother's plea by an inquiry that had been often on his mind of late.

"Say, Dad!" he questioned. "I've been thinking for the past week what I'd do if I got held up down in the office at night. You know, those registered letters and packages hold a lot o' dough. I've just been thinking what I'd do if somebody should break in the office and stick me up. What'd you do, Dad?"

His father was startled a little by this inquiry, for it was the farthest possible thing from his thoughts. The quick breath of his wife and a startled "Ooo!" from Betty, made him refrain from a direct answer to Johnnie's question.

"Why, I reckon I'd call a cop," he replied, smilingly, not wishing to alarm his wife and daughter.

"Yes, but——" protested Johnnie, but a warning look from his father stilled the words on his lips. His father's looks, more plainly than words could have done, said: "Wait! I don't want to alarm your mother."

Johnnie returned to his supper while his mother silently and anxiously watched him from her end of the table. She had feared for months now, ever since Johnnie had gone to work in the post-office where his father was a carrier, that one of the many hold-ups that were occurring daily would center upon him.

"Dad, can I go to the movies tonight?" Betty asked suddenly.

Bob Morley raised his gaze slowly to his young daughter's face, a hidden twinkle in his eyes.

"That will depend," he said, "upon who's playing. I don't want my little Betsy seeing any sheiks."

"Betty!" the young lady corrected, for of all things she hated being called *Betsy* most.

"Well, Betty, then," her father returned with a quiet smile.

"But can I go?" Betty persisted, fondly knowing her father's weakness in such matters.

"Whatever your mother says," he replied, glancing drolly at Mrs. Morley.

"I've told her," said Mrs. Morley," that if she *did* go, she must be back by nine o'clock.

"I will, I promise," Betty cried eagerly.

SUPPER over, Bob seated himself comfortably in a chair until the time should come for him to take the sick postman's collection route. Johnnie, who did not report for duty until eight, got down his violin and commenced playing.

"Play 'My Sweetie Went Away,'" said Bob, who knew Betty liked the jazz tunes.

So Johnnie caught the lilting air on his fiddle and carried it through to its provocative finish.

"Oh," exclaimed Betty, "that makes me want to dance."

"You're too young to dance," Bob assured her with the same hidden twinkle in his eye.

"We dance in school," Betty pouted.

As eight o'clock drew near, Bob and Johnnie drew on their coats and started for the post-office. The night threatened rain and Bob wore his oilskins, for the night collection route exposed him to all sorts of weather. They parted at the office after Bob had secured his collection bags and Johnnie went on in to commence his night duties of assorting the mail.

Johnnie was alone that night, due to absence on leave of his fellow employee; but the solitary nature of his work in the great post-office did not bother him, owing to his intense activity with the mails. Outside, a light rain was falling, and Johnnie, looking out into the darkness, was glad that his father had worn his oilskins.

"Too bad Dad had to go out in this sort of weather," Johnnie mused as he worked over the letters. So intent was he upon his work, that he did not hear the slight raising of a window at one end of the office, nor the entrance, a moment later, of a masked figure that held a revolver in its hand.

Whistling softly at his work, Johnnie continued to distribute the letters according to the districts in which they belonged, thinking of the girl who lived next door to them, whose father was such a drunken, good-for-nothing. Time and again, little Virginia had come in to them to escape the wrath of worthless Jack Morgan, her father.

It was a pity, thought Johnnie, that such worthless wretches were permitted to live and make life a burden for others.

"Hold up your hands!" a voice said suddenly behind Johnnie, and he turned to find himself gazing into the black muzzle of a revolver.

Automatically, it seemed, Johnnie raised his hands, paralyzed with surprise and a vague sense of dread that a sudden gust of fire from the black end of the instrument pointed toward him might send a foreign obstacle into his body that would cause it to become lifeless and cold.

A muttered curse from the masked intruder accompanied an order to turn round, and the next

That instant a heavy explosion shook the entire building.

instant Johnnie felt a rope being wound about his body from the feet up, that left him helpless to move.

Something in the presence of the man back of him seemed vaguely familiar to Johnnie. Where, if ever, he wondered mildly, had he seen or met him before?

A handkerchief, that was soiled and reeking with bootleg whiskey, as though it had recently come into contact with a bottle, was next pressed into Johnnie's mouth, and he sank to the floor, helpless to move a limb or make a cry.

With another curse, the robber passed swiftly into the room where the vault lay. Johnnie, helpless on the floor, watched him go with the sudden sinking consciousness that the bank robber was going to blow open the safe. How long, Johnnie wondered desperately, would it be before his father returned? And would it mean that the bank robber would shoot his way to liberty over the dead body of his father? Johnnie broke into a cold perspiration at the thought. He was terrified at the prospect that awaited his father upon his return. And here he lay, with no means of warning him.

He squirmed desperately with his bonds, blaming himself now for having submitted so readily to the bank robber's binding and gagging. He struggled fiercely; if only he could free himself now . . . He heard his father's whistle on the street without.

"Dad!" he tried to shout, but the gag in his mouth permitted none other than a faint moan to escape. The whistle drew nearer.

The task of collecting the night mail was a considerable one, with many mail boxes to empty over an area of many streets. But Bob Morley worked rapidly, swiftly accumulating what mail there was, until his shoulder ached under its burden.

Now and again he passed a policeman on a solitary beat, or a homegoer hurrying along in the drizzle that had now increased to a light rain. At last, his collections made, he turned back toward the office, where he knew Johnnie was busily engaged assorting the mail. Tired, but happy in the thought of having helped out a sick comrade, Bob whistled as he strode along. He kept close to the buildings that flanked the sidewalk—in order to protect himself from the swirling gusts of rain.

"JOHNNIE'LL be finished by the time I get to the office," Bob thought, "and then we can both go home together." A pang of concern for the wet night and the knowledge that Johnnie was without a raincoat, was followed by the comfortable thought that they would be on their way home, where the boy could change to dry clothing.

Passing a darkened doorway, Bob heard a whimper and looking down, he saw a small dog huddling in a corner from the fury of the storm. Stooping, Bob picked up the tiny mongrel and placed him under his coat. He would take him to the office, he decided, where the poor little pup would be warm for the night. Down the last street of his return journey Bob hurried, his eyes peering ahead for his first glimpse of the lights in the post office.

At length they came into view and he sighed with relief. Because of the puppy under his coat, he could not shift the mail bag that weighted him down and the thought of his journey's end was welcome indeed. He whistled louder as he drew nearer the office, so that Johnnie would know he was outside. It was Johnnie's custom to answer his father's whistle with a short one, and the absence now of any reply surprised Bob a little.

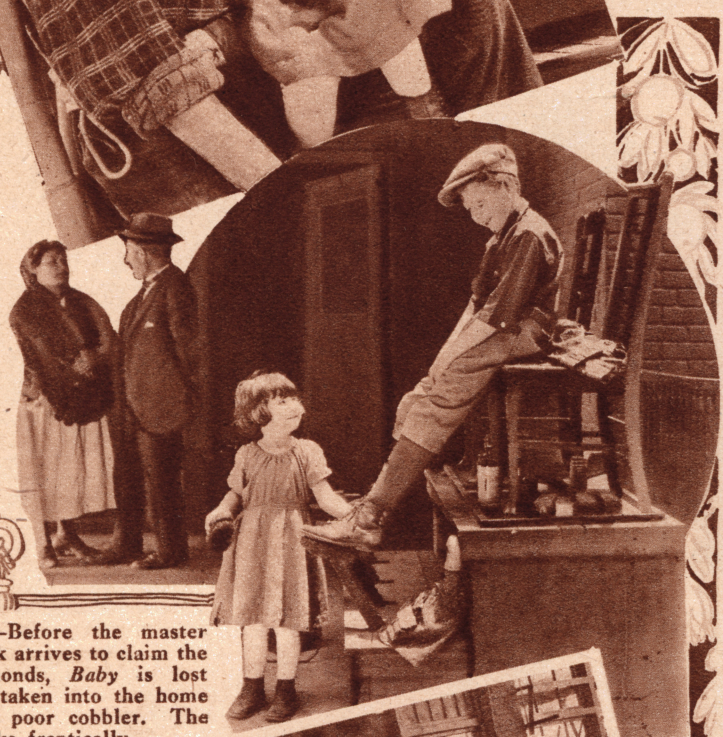
"Guess Johnnie's at the other end of the room," he muttered as he opened the door of the office and stepped into the dark hallyway. He reached under his coat and drew out the wet, shivering puppy.

"Poor little feller," he murmured, as he set the dog down on the inside mat. He started forward in the darkness, climbing some steps that led upward to the corridor off which the room in which Johnnie worked led. But a pitiable whine from the dog made him turn toward the door again. To his surprise, he found that it had swung open, a trick of the wind. He went back, bearing his

(*Continued on page 28*)

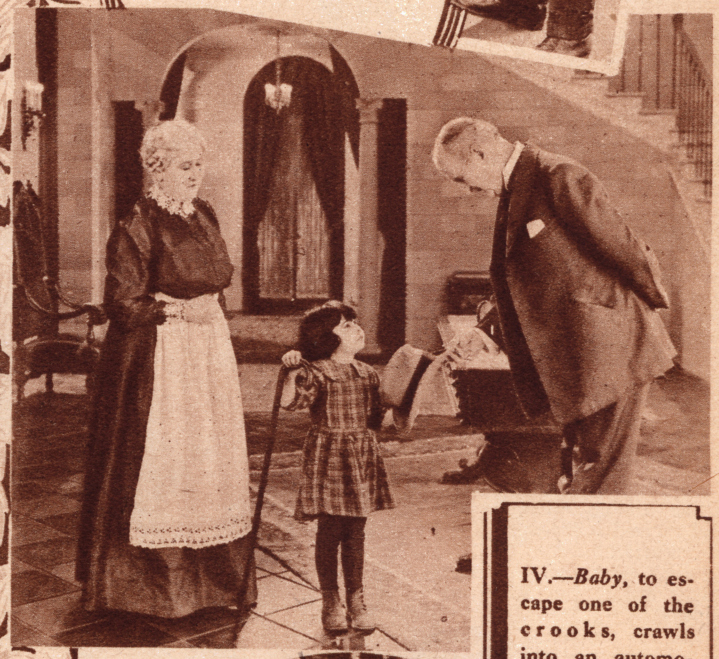
The Darling of NEW YORK

I.—*Baby Peggy* is sent by her dying mother in Italy, to her rich grandfather. As the boat sails, her nurse gets left and *Baby* is taken aboard by *Giovanni* (*Sheldon Lewis.*)



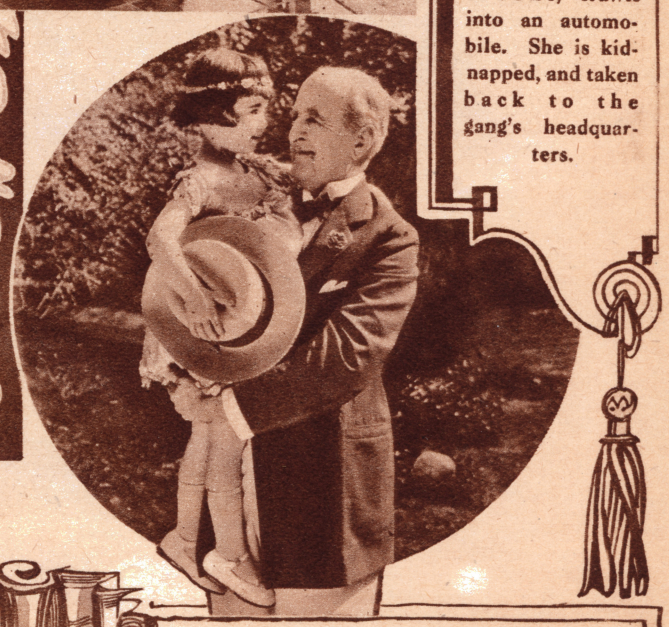
III.—Before the master crook arrives to claim the diamonds, *Baby* is lost and taken into the home of a poor cobbler. The crooks frantically search for her.

II.—*Giovanni*, one of a gang of crooks, hides some stolen diamonds in *Baby's* doll. He is arrested and *Baby* is taken by *Kate* (*Gladys Brockwell*), another of the gang.



IV.—*Baby*, to escape one of the crooks, crawls into an automobile. She is kidnapped, and taken back to the gang's headquarters.

V.—*Giovanni*, repentant, gives her grandfather the etter written by *Baby's* mother, which he had previously purloined from her belongings. Back in the slums, *Baby* has just been rescued by *Kate* from a burning building.



VI.—She is safe at last in her grandfather's arms; the diamonds are found in the cobbler's home. *Kate* and *Giovanni* begin life anew as employees of *Van Dyne*.

Anita STEWART Hates Vulgarity, Says De Sola

Character expert reads *charming screen star's* face and finds "*delicacy*" its predominant quality

By Vincent de Sola

"Fastidious, loving luxury and fearing contact with anything vulgar," is what *de Sola* reads in *Miss Stewart's* face.

CHARACTER READING: *There is a sense of delicacy, both in perceptions and reactions, in this face. I note some tendency towards worry, an optimistic spirit crossed with a secret note of fear or doubt, great practicality, persistence, and acquisitiveness. Curiously, the emotional capacity seems far to outrun the sympathetic contacts of this nature.*

IN SPITE of Miss Anita Stewart's obvious youth, her name to most of us connotes those earlier days of the films, the days before mammoth productions, the days of Vitagraph Comedies, the days before a thousand directors, stars, writers, and motion picture camp followers, who have since become famous, were even heard of by the film public.

Her appeal was then very definitely that of a pretty girl who played pretty parts convincingly. There was about her a touch of the girl of the magazine cover, and a good deal of the heroine of the popular story. Both in type and spirit she was peculiarly American. There was not the slightest hint of the "exotic," or even the theatrical, in her pictured personality. She attained great popularity in a period when the heroine's role was, by an iron-bound rule, nothing more than a certain stereotyped and vapid sweetness.

Now she returns to us, to appear in a new era of film production, before a new audience, vastly more critical and exacting.

The thing is being done. The movies are just old enough to have their earliest recruits return to contrast their appeal with the new type of player. A good many of them have managed to "come back," but the question is, how many of them will remain back?

And in this inquiry, it is interesting to study Miss Anita Stewart's features to determine just what the appeal of her personality will be in modern film material under modern direction. I myself do not venture to predict, but leave conclusions to my readers.

Predominant in this face is a peculiar delicacy, which embraces much personal sensitiveness. Such a person would be fastidious, loving luxury and grace, and fearing contact with anything violent, disordered, or vulgar. It is the face of a person excellent in all matters involving tiny details or precise attention, whose reactions, though slight, are infinite, and who perceives the *minutiae* of life rather than its epic spirit.

Miss Stewart shows clearly a strain of optimism, but this is checked, oddly enough, by facial indications which lead me to conclude that she is subject to a certain private sense of doubt or fear. Possibly it is that her sensitiveness, her capacity for the minute, has come into harsh contact with things crude or monumental, and thus destroyed in her a complete confidence. Certainly, I note in her, tendencies towards intervals of sharp worry or nervous tension.

But the brow is careful and practical, and the contours of the lower part of the face bespeak a definite pesistence—one of her strongest qualities—in spite of a streak of feminine inconsistency which now and then upsets her aim. I would not say that she had great dramatic gifts, though grace and some sense of comedy combine to furnish her with sufficient playing ability.

SHE is intuitive, yet a trifle credulous. As if fearing this quality in herself, she appears to have attempted to confine her beliefs and opinions within the strict limitations of a code. This, however, is purely deduction on my part.

She is affectionate. Her sympathies, though not widespread, are appealed to at once by anything concerned with suffering or sorrow. She is not in any way callous in fact—and yet, well, there is in this face the signs of a certain coldness, a very slender feeling of fellowship, unlike, say, the wider human aspect of Miss Pickford's sympathies.

In this quality I find the most dominant contradiction of Anita Stewart's features, and perhaps their most interesting character-note. For there is plenty of emotion in the face in spite of the qualities I have indicated. As far as I can trace, her emotions seem to be more concerned with abstractions than with concrete human affairs.

Except in the matter of personal sensitiveness, and the ability to react with a show of vigorous temper when wounded, she seems to employ her really vivid emotional force only in matters outside of actual reality. For the realities of her life, she preserves only her feeling for delicate details, and a calm, practical viewpoint. Her emotions enter very little into her personal relationships.

She would appear actually to concentrate that force entirely upon worry, fear, and upon *imagined* joys and sorrows, rather than real ones. If all this be an accurate reading of the personality which she is again submitting to the inspection—and the judgment—of the film public, her future appeal may fairly be defined.

(*Continued on page 27*)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Change Partners!

Rumors of many romances flit about Filmland these days. It looks certain that Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy will be married, for one thing. May and Eddie Sutherland were engaged for two years, you know. Then there was a break, due, it is said, to May's mother objecting to her marrying so young. Then Eddie and Marjorie Daw surprised all their friends by getting married.

Mae Busch and Al Wilkie, the latter a writer on the Lasky publicity staff, are to be married, it is said. In fact, they may be already by the time this appears in print. Miss Busch has just obtained her final decree of divorce. And Francis McDonald, Mae's former husband, lately married Belle Roscoe, who is Albert Roscoe's divorced wife. Albert Roscoe is married to Barbara Bedford — who was formerly Mrs. Irvin Willat. And now Irvin Willat has married Billie Dove.

Now it is Eddie Polo who is suing for divorce, alleging that his wife has deserted him. In fact, he is known to have told friends that his wife, who used to be postmistress at a little Pacific Coast town, wished to be always globe-trotting.

And it is rumored that as soon as Eddie is free he is going to marry Kathleen Myers, a young actress and girl friend of Eddie's daughter, Malvine Polo. Polo and Miss Myers are seen a great deal in each other's company.

Miss Dupont and Monte Blue go about a great deal together, and nobody would be a bit surprised if they were to marry. In fact, it is said that it is due to Miss Dupont's friendship with Blue that her engagement to a young business man was recently broken off.

And now that Frank Urson, Marshall Neilan's assistant, is divorced from his wife, it seems altogether likely that he and Peggy Elinore may wed. Lew Cody, you know, was supposed to have been interested in Miss Elinore, but it was lately broken off.

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Now Mae Murray's Going in for "Drama"

Mae Murray and Robert Leonard are going abroad within the year, but before they go, Miss Murray is going to establish herself in a new kind of role.

The star is about to start work on a new picture, not titled yet, the story of which was written by Miss Murray and her husband in collaboration. In it Miss Murray will play a serious role. For, though she has established herself in a distinct type of part, she does not feel satisfied with her artistic achievement.

Mae Murray's costume leads us to suggest that she's a mere slip of a girl.

And Now He Will Sing Their Praises

That kind-hearted young star, Barbara La Marr, and her husband, Jack Daugherty, have taken under their wing a young tenor, whom they discovered abroad, though he is an American. His name is Daniel Higgins, and he went over-seas as a soldier, was severely wounded, and when he was able to be about, he was recommended for vocational work. He had such a marvelously beautiful voice that the vocational work he was set about was the entirely congenial study of music.

Uncle Sam gave him two years of vocal study, and he has still two years more of his work to follow up. His health is improving all the time, and a great future in concert work is predicted for him.

Higgins is a frequent visitor at the home of Miss La Marr and Daugherty, where he is the star entertainer when there are guests, and when there aren't any guests, he delights in playing the baby grand piano in the cosy living room, and warbling forth his ballads.

The young singer was a buddy of Daugherty's during the war, and when Barbara and her husband were in Paris recently, while Miss La Marr was making "The Eternal City," they were surprised and delighted to discover him in Harry Pilcer's show in the French metropolis, where he was making a great hit.

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Dustin Farnum's in Reno

Dustin Farnum is staying in Reno at present, and it is rumored that he is going to get a divorce from the present Mrs. Farnum, Mary Conwell Farnum, who was his leading woman on the dramatic stage, some twelve years ago.

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Carmel Will Have Plenty of Feathers

Carmel Myers' household is in a state of feverish anticipation. Approaching express trucks are eyed with fear and trembling. For Miss Myers is awaiting the receipt of one perfectly good ostrich.

It was while she was engaged in a scene with John Barrymore at the Warner Brothers' studio the other day, that Carmel was called to the phone by her mother.

"Someone is sending you an ostrich—what in goodness' name shall I do with it?" came the anxious query from Mrs. Myers. And that is what Carmel is trying to figure out,—what to do with an ostrich.

The bird is a gift to the movie actress from an admirer, the son of a Southern California ostrich farm owner, who thinks Miss Myers is the most attractive of all film stars.

Anyone seeking a new kind of house pet will find Carmel ready to talk business.

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Are Society Pictures more popular than Homespun Variety? "NO!" says EMORY JOHNSON

Popular director of simple _"home"_ type of drama, declares the _public taste_ is for plays of _"plain folks"_

By Ruth Mabrey

"NOW here," says the motion picture director, planning his next feature film, "we want a nice, jazzy party. Swell society stuff, see—big ballroom, women all dolled up in dresses without any backs, booze—all that. That's what they want out in the sticks. That's the stuff that goes, that puts punch in the pictures. You can't have too much of the ritz stuff. Lay it on good and heavy. That's our box office bet."

And the director may be right. In fact, the box office returns prove that he often is right. The public does like that stuff—but that's not all. There are two sides to the question—every question has two sides or it wouldn't be a question. And while society dramas may have their public, there are just as many fans who prefer the homespun variety.

That's Emory Johnson's idea of what the public wants—and, judging by the way the fans flock to see his "homey" pictures, Mr. Johnson's hunch seems to be a good one. From the box office point of view, his pictures are exceptionally successful.

It was at the close of a luncheon party at the Hotel Astor, which F. B. O. had given in honor of their visiting director, that Mr. Johnson told me all about his idea of a good picture.

"Many directors—most of them, perhaps—think that the fans only want the society pictures, where everyone dresses up and all the sets are like a palace. I don't agree with them. Such pictures are too unreal. They don't portray the kind of lives our movie patrons live. I think the pictures the fans like to see are those about real people just like themselves, with little homey touches and the same sort of incidents that happen in their own lives. When they see two children playing together or quarreling, they laugh and think, 'Well, that's just like Mary and Willie at home.'

"That's the sort of picture that rings true, that makes the fans feel that others have troubles just like their own, money troubles, love troubles. And, of course, the best way to forget one's own troubles is to see someone else's."

"Very true," I agreed, "and since we are having an epidemic of realism in books, why not in pictures?"

"Certainly, that's the way it seems to me."

"How do you get your plots for your pictures?" I asked him, realizing that Mr. Johnson is one director who never buys well-known books and plays for production.

"My mother writes all my scripts," he said. "Our pictures are quite a family affair. My mother writes the stories to begin with, and, of course, they keep growing and developing as we make the picture. My wife, Ella Hall"—and he smiled at Miss Hall, who was sitting close by looking very sweet—"plays the leading woman role, and sometimes even the two children play bits in the picture. Of course, the new baby isn't quite old enough to appear yet! She's only three months old."

"But how do you get all those delicious little touches that make your pictures and your people seem so real?" I asked.

"It's funny how those things come about," he laughed—he has a very charming laugh; of course he used to be more or less of a matinee idol himself—"nearly all those little incidents that you see in my pictures occur in our own home. Unquestionably ours is a motion picture household. Everything that happens causes someone to observe, 'That's a good idea to use in the new picture.' When one of the kids does something especially cute, we have him do it over for the screen. And one day the cat got all tangled up in a ball of string—we introduced that into the picture we were making."

"The best way to forget one's troubles," says *Mr. Johnson*, "is to see someone else's—on the screen."

Mrs. Emory Johnson whom fans will remember as *Ella Hall*, before the *Johnson* home in *Hollywood* with three young *Johnsonians*.

"AND is it really true that you always have a meal served in each of your pictures?" I asked, remembering that the toastmaster at the luncheon had introduced Mr. Johnson as one director who was the actors' true friend—he always has them eat a meal in his pictures. "Is that really true?" I asked. "And if so, do you fix it that way on purpose, or does it just happen?"

"Oh, it's true," he grinned. "Part of the comfort and spirit of a real home is the good home-cooking with all the family sitting about the table. So I always take care to introduce such scenes into my pictures. It makes the pictures seem human. 'My,' the audience says, 'doesn't that ham and eggs look good?'

"It isn't necessary to spend a lot of money to make good pictures. In fact, it seems to me that the less said about the money a picture costs, the better. Certainly a picture should be able to stand on its own merits without trying to attract attention just because it cost $1,280,000.63. I don't think the fans care what a picture costs."

"Well, judging by the successes your pictures have been, you seem to be right," I said.

"I do feel that I have been vindicated somewhat,"

(*Continued on page 27*)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?

If you were allowed to choose a mate from all the host of movie stars, which one would you select—and why? For the best letter on this subject we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

From the hundreds of actresses now appearing on the screen, I unhesitatingly choose the incomparable Gloria Swanson. If I were to marry a movie star, and Gloria were not already married—and in my humble station, I were not too much in mortal fear of one so exalted—I would certainly ask Gloria Swanson for the privilege of buying her a ring.

To my mind—though I have never seen her off the screen—she is the most beautiful of all movie actresses. Her beauty is of that strange and uncommon type. Nowhere and at no time have I ever seen the portrait of a woman with lips shaped and curved as are Miss Swanson's. And her eyes—I imagine them as two dazzling, unfathomable pools of amber, tinted with jade green, in the radiance of which a lesser being might drown so deeply as even to forget his own name. Her eyes are soul-windows, whose side-long glances could prove to be as devastating as an earthquake. Tall, regal, her manner is that of the Lady, Le Grande Dame.

I crave the liberty of imagining her dressed in an exquisitely delicate morning gown, with golden sunbeams glinting in her glorious hair, sitting at breakfast and saying, "Hurry, dear, your coffee is getting cold." It may be that such is not the manner of queens, yet, were such things to be, I am sure I would not refuse an extra lump of sugar from the pink-tipped fingers of "Zaza," if she offered it with one of her bewitching smiles.

Other beauties there may be in plenty; but they would possess no fascination for me until the Glorias lost their glories and the Swansons were no more. There is one drawback, however—I never could afford to buy her gowns!

FRANK KENNETH YOUNG.

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She Chooses Richard Dix

If the honor and pleasure of selecting my husband from the host of movie actors were conferred upon me, my choice would be Richard Dix. In my choice I would consider many points—of course we fans can judge from an actor's screen personality only.

Mr. Dix, to my way of thinking, is different from most screen heroes; he is a manly man and I should think a pal. I think he could overcome many of the greater problems of life. Mr. Dix suggests a pleasing personality and intellectual power. I should judge his life to be like his pictures; very high in morality. I would class him as an almost perfect lover.

Considering all these points, I think Richard Dix would make an ideal husband.

BOBBY.

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Sessue Hayakawa Her Ideal

Unacquainted with the film stars beyond their shadow selves, in this imaginary mating contest, our preference naturally inclines toward that favorite, seemingly our ideal.

Were I choosing a mate really, I would desire someone endowed with the same splendid qualities I believe inherent in my favorite, the actor I consider the finest personality and artist ever on the screen, Sessue Hayakawa.

In this great star is centered my deepest admiration, respect and keenest interest. To me he represents everything that is loyal and wonderful, all that is poetry and romance; and his absence from the screen left a distinct void no other player can fill.

The memory of Mr. Hayakawa's peerless screen portrayals remains indelible, and in my work they are a constant inspiration.

ALTHEA THORNTON.

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Bill Hart Would Be Her Choice!

If I did not already have the best mate in the world, and was looking for one, I should have a hard time deciding between William S. Hart and Milton Sills, though I do think Hart would run a little the stronger.

CLARENCE BULL

One look at *Curtyne Engler*, the dancer in *"Six Days,"* and we'd pick her for the blue ribbon winner. By the way, *is that* a blue ribbon down her back?

Both these men have irreproachable characters; I know this from friends who live in Hollywood and know a great deal about the cinema people generally. The parts they take are of true manliness and courtesy towards women, for no matter what character they portray, especially William S. Hart, they never morally injure a woman, and they are not afraid to take the stand for right. When they reform, they do it so beautifully that it becomes a real art.

Neither one would be chosen for his handsome countenance, but there is something more than mere beauty, and which in the long run is more dependable and easier to live with.

Both have a wonderful personality and that is why they are such a success in their work. When either one "comes to town," the theatres are filled and the box office man is seen with a genial smile on his face; so how can you blame others who are susceptible to something besides money?

I. G. B.

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He Likes Marguerite De La Motte Because of Her Clean Pictures

Answering your question, "What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?" I think that my choice would be Marguerite De La Motte.

Miss De La Motte is a rapidly rising star. All of her pictures which I have seen (and I believe that I have seen all of them), are clean and wholesome; and it makes a man feel that her private life is on a par with her pictures. It seems to me that a decent girl would revolt at immoral and suggestive productions; and I believe that this is the case with Miss De La Motte.

To sustain the above contention, I do not know of any scandal (and I do not believe that there is any) implicating this fine young girl. Somehow I feel that Miss De La Motte's married life would equal her private single life—judging from her clean pictures.

ALEX M. JARECKIE.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Wants Norma Talmadge to Get a Divorce

From the host of movie stars, I would choose Norma Talmadge if she were not married to Joseph Schenck. Maybe I could persuade her to divorce him and become all mine. My, but I could crush her and kiss her until she would cry for mercy. I think she is the dearest, sweetest little woman of the whole host of them. I adored her from the very first time I saw her until the very moment I am writing this letter.

Beautiful, charming and talented actresses have come and gone, and still I love my Norma.

E. G.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Many Pictures Ruined By Censors!

Improper movies! They have about as much chance on the screen as the proverbial snowball in Hades!

The other day I saw the rules of one of the State Boards of Censors. Here, I thought, are excellent formulas for the making of prigs! Afterwards I saw "Bella Donna." It didn't ring true. Later I read a criticism of this picture, wherein the all-wise critic passed judgment. "The plot is irretrievably spoiled by a jerky continuity." Rather, I wager, by the censors' shears! The "Outcast" was ruined for the same reason.

I despise immoral books and would hate immoral movies. However, what producer would film such stories even if given a chance? Few, if any! If the censors were gagged, the question "What Is Wrong With the Movies?" would be no longer necessary.

In a year the photoplay would be the leading art, and would be found to harbor the greatest minds in the world.

ELIZABETH A. DILLER.

Envied By Her Friends Adored By Men

How Helen Bradley Became The Most Popular Girl in A____, Ohio

She was confronted with the drab monotony of a lonely existence in a small city in northern Ohio.

Her womanly soul rebelled and with surging femininity cried out for a taste of the real joy and beauty of life. She hungered for the warm admiration of men, the enthusiastic comradeship of women, the delightful tang and zest of a rich social life.

For weeks she struggled with her problem. Still the task of "re-making" her personality loomed as big and impossible as ever. She scarcely knew where to begin.

The Secret Discovered

Then—when Helen Bradley was about to give up in despair—she stumbled upon the secret that marked a turning point in her life. She could hardly believe it true and at the outset was quite skeptical—then hopeful—then fully convinced.

In a surprisingly short time, Helen's friends noticed an amazing change in her.

No longer were her clothes inappropriate to her build, to her type. No longer was her hair flat appearing, lacking in lustre, and arranged haphazardly. No longer was her complexion clouded and colorless, her eyes devoid of sparkle, her carriage slouchy and awkward, her figure unshapely and stout, her mouth "droopy" and unattractive, her hands rough and graceless, her ankles thick and ungainly.

A "new" Helen seemed to be springing into existence!

Her clothes, of inexpensive material, assumed an infinitely more appealing style that threw into relief the delicate *nuances* of her personality. Her hair acquired a marvelous sheen and lustre. A profile of unexpected beauty was revealed by a most becoming style of dressing her hair. Her figure lost its flabbiness, her carriage became more graceful. New life and animation shone in her eyes. Her complexion grew clear, radiant with glowing health.

And out of this wonderful growth and change arose a *different personality*—of unbelievable charm and poise, vibrant with feminine lure. A new life crowded with new friends, new admirers, and new social opportunities, was opened to Helen. The little "mouse" girl became the most popular girl in town!

SHE HAD FOUND THE WAY TO HAPPINESS!

A Wonderful Message

You, too, can find this wonderful road to happiness. You, too, can learn the secret of attracting people—of fascinating them with your personal charm. You can make *your* skin and eyes and hair the things of beauty they should be. You can beautify *your* figure, *your* hands, *your* ankles. You can make your body glow with that deep, underlying health and vitality which is the precious secret of happiness and charm.

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III. How to Reduce Without Fasting or Exercises.
IV. How to Put on Weight Correctly.
V. How to Acquire Soft, White, Attractive Hands.
VI. How to Cultivate Long, Beautiful Eyelashes.
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That there are certain colors and shades which are best fitted for YOUR personality?
That you can acquire poise and a supple, graceful figure in a short time?
That you can build up your physique so that you will fairly bubble over with vitality?
That you can make your hair a thing of beauty?
That there is a CORRECT method of adding weight?
That you can reduce WITHOUT fasting or long, arduous exercises?
That you can put color and smoothness in your skin?
That it is surprisingly simple to beautify your eyelashes?
That thick ankles are no longer necessary?
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The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(*Continued from page* 11)

able things in question. What are these things?"

"Something about you and the old ruined mission."

"Oh, Heaven!" gasped Grace, beginning to see out of what the story had been made. "What about the old mission?"

"Why," cried Sue, flaring up suddenly, "the story is that you went there with Don Morton, and that there are witnesses. And they say you were trying to force him to marry you. We saw you threatening him with your rifle. And Don Morton has gone East. It is known that he wrote you a letter saying he wouldn't marry you. Lawyer March helped him write it."

GRACE covered her face with her hands in her anguish of spirit. She understood now that the plan was to utterly ruin her in the minds of all old friends, perhaps to drive her at last to accept the infamous offer of the young libertine. Suddenly she cried:

"Who are the witnesses? Come! You know who they are, and you shall tell me!"

"I won't tell you anything more. If you come any nearer to me I'll call for help. Mamma said I was not to see you or have anything to do with you. And all the girls' mothers say the same thing."

"You will tell me the names of the witnesses, or I shall have you summoned to court," said Grace. She did not know that she could do such a thing, but the threat was effective.

"A man named Miguel Convarrubias is the only one I know."

"One of Don Morton's men?" Grace demanded.

"Yes."

"Very well," said Grace and turned away. Her course was quite clear to her now.

Grace mounted the little mare again and sped away home. She wished, above all, to reach home before any news of her trouble should reach there.

In this she was successful. She knew, when she handed her father his letters, that he had heard nothing to disturb his peace of mind.

"I'm off for a little ride, father," she said. "I may not be home for a few hours. Don't be disturbed about me."

He looked surprised, not understanding why she should say that to him. He noted her flushed face and troubled eyes, too, and would have questioned her, but she turned quickly away and jumped on the mare again.

She had not ridden more than a few yards when she saw a horseman on the edge of one of the hills, silhouetted against the blue sky. He was fully half a mile away, but she was so used to the horse and rider that she knew in a moment that it was Will Belden coming to see her.

She was sure he had heard the story about her, and for a moment she debated about waiting for him; then flung her head up proudly and turned back so that she should not meet him.

There was a sheep trail which led back from the stables and would take her by a shorter but rougher way into the trail she wished to follow. Besides, she remembered that she had neglected to take something important to her purpose—her rifle.

She hurriedly dismounted, procured her weapon, and then set off as swiftly as she could by the sheep trail.

"He may not have gone East," she muttered to herself; and on her stern young face there was a look that Don Morton would not have cared to see.

CHAPTER IX

That Scoundrel!

She took the same way that she had gone the day she went to pay the interest on the mortgage, and when she was out of sight of the house, she examined her rifle most carefully. She threw out the cartridge that was in the barrel, and let another drop into its place.

"I know what to do now," she murmured as she rode swiftly on. "I cannot plot like that scoundrel, but I can act. He shall see."

She actually seemed more cheerful than she had been at any time since the meeting with Don Morton the previous day; but it was a grim sort of cheerfulness, and boded no good to her enemies.

When she came to the wooded stretch of road where she had had her adventure the day of her first meeting with Don Morton, she set her white teeth together, unslung her rifle, and let her mare drop into a walk. She wanted to listen for noises.

We've heard that *Pola Negri* can register quite a "kick" every now and then.

Presently she heard one. A man was singing in a deep, full baritone, evidently in a cheerful humor with himself. Grace halted her mare and listened keenly, then drew the animal aside into the woods and dismounted.

SHE secured the mare by throwing the reins over a limb, and then crept to the edge of the wood and hid herself in the undergrowth.

The singer came on in his joyous mood, evidently careless of being heard or seen, and presently turned a distant corner, and could be seen by Grace. She strained her eyes to distinguish his features, but it was not until he was within fifty yards of her that she could do so.

Then her expression became grimmer than before, if that were possible, and she examined her rifle carefully to assure herself that it was in order and ready to use.

"It is one of them," she murmured, and stood rigid.

When the man was almost opposite her, she raised her rifle and aimed, crying out sharply:

"Hands up!"

It is a command most Westerners are familiar with, and in the wilder parts of California is one commonly obeyed without a word. The horseman in this instance, pulled his horse back on its haunches and threw up his hands almost in one movement, at the same time staring about until he caught the glint of the sun on the gun barrel.

Grace stepped out into the open, but without letting her aim waver for an instant. The man stared at her in consternation. He was one of the men who had already encountered her, and who knew that she was a person not to be trifled with.

"What do you want with me?" he demanded, in an expostulating tone.

"Get down!"

He made a swift movement as if to get down on the other side of his horse, but Grace had no notion of having him put his horse's body between her and him. "This side," she said, with a fierceness that brought him down in the way she wished. "Don't try any tricks, or I'll shoot without mercy."

"I don't understand!" he protested.

"Don't move your hands! Now lie down on your face! Lie down!" she repeated, threateningly, as she saw him hesitate.

He obeyed her, a scowl of impotent rage on his face.

"Now bring your hands around and put them together on your back."

He did as she bade him, swearing freely now, as if he deemed further acting useless. She paid no attention to his words, but took his lariat from his saddle and tied his wrists securely together, ignoring his assurances that she hurt him.

THE horse, which had stood quite still during this time, like the well-trained beast he was, she now tied to a limb while she went into the woods for the mare, saying as she did so:

"You move at your peril."

He lay quite still while she was fetching her mare, and did not offer to move until she bade him, which she did as soon as she had secured her animal in a convenient place by the roadside.

"Now get up!" she said, and he arose awkwardly, with some assistance from her. "Where is your master, Don Morton?" she asked.

"He took the train last night."

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Why not?"

"You are in the plot to ruin my character."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you tell me what your master has done?" she asked. "I know that he has been plotting to ruin my name. Why?"

The man sneered. "How should I know?" he said. "I have had nothing to do with it."

"What is your name?" she demanded.

"Miguel Covarrubias."

"It seems you are a liar, Miguel Covarrubias. You say you have had nothing to do with this scandal that is busy with my name, and yet you are one of the witnesses your master has cited. Very well! Mount your horse!"

"How can I do anything with my hands tied behind me? Besides, what do I know of what Don has done?"

"Mount your horse! I will help you," she said curtly.

"Why should I mount my horse? What do you mean to do?"

"You will mount your horse because I say so. Later you will learn why."

"And if I do not choose to mount him?" he asked, with an evil look on his rough face.

"Do as you please," she answered, sharply, "but decide quickly, for I have no time to waste. If

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Are Society Films More Popular Than Homespun Variety?

(*Continued from page 23*)

he said. "You know in the old days, when I was an actor, it was my one ambition to direct pictures. But every time I asked for the chance I was laughed at. I didn't care much for acting; besides, I knew that I wasn't the type ever to be anything more than a very ordinary leading man. I could never have been a Valentino or a Doug Fairbanks. But I didn't see why I couldn't become a good director.

"But no one would give me the chance until I just pestered Universal into letting me try my hand at it. And, strangely enough, most of the ideas that I was told were so impractical for pictures then, I have since used and the public has liked them. Now, of course, I am my own producer and can make my pictures just as I please."

Just at present it pleases Mr. Emory Johnson to make pictures that "glorify the American public servitors"—the policeman, the fireman, the engineer, and now his latest one, "The Mailman."

"Just homely, hard-working people," says Mr. Johnson, "like the movie fans themselves."

Beauty and Brains

(*Continued from page* 12)

it's only one of those rare, rare occasions that a girl is fortunate enough to emerge triumphant with beauty, brains *and* talent.

When she does—ah, there is a movie star in the making! And her personality will so shine out that nothing will stand in the way of her success.

So now you know why Mary Pickford *is* Mary Pickford. You know her secret recipe for success. Pola Negri, for instance—certainly one of the world's greatest beauties, and an exceptionally talented actress. Of her brain, perhaps, the fans know very little, but her acquaintances say she is witty, sparkling, altogether brilliant. That is why she is successful.

Mae Murray is another example. In addition to her good looks and talent, Mae has a life-sized brain that any business man should be proud of. She is her own business manager, and certainly has made her own success.

Of course the motion picture industry does have its "Dumb Doras," who have achieved some degree of success, but they are the exceptional accidents. And probably, too, they entered the movies in the days when competition wasn't so keen. Nowadays success on the screen can't be gained so simply. You may be beautiful—what of that? The world is full of beautiful girls. You may have brains, but have you a screen face? Can you act?

Those, girls, are all qualities you have to think of when you set out to put your name in electrics in front of a picture theatre. You've got to keep in mind those three essentials:

"Beauty!" screams the casting director; "Brains!" cries the producer; and "Talent!" demands the director.

And you've got to have all three!

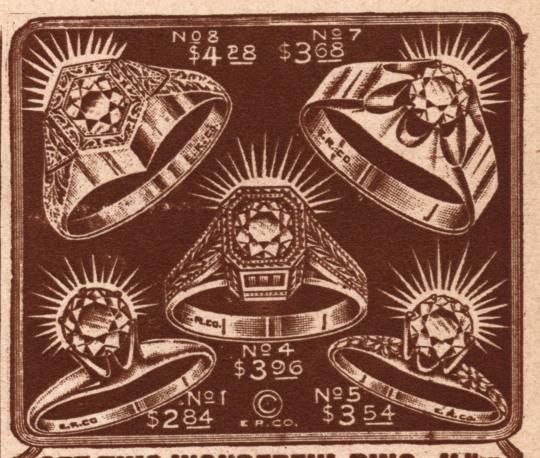
Anita Stewart Hates Vulgarity, Says de Sola

(*Continued from page* 21)

She has her prettiness, her delicacy, and her exemplification of a certain national type of feminine good looks, to back her. She has an emotional force restrained by character-conflict rather than by effort of will. She has her former reputation, her many followers, and she undoubtedly brings to her work a large experience from the past, and great persistence for the future.

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.



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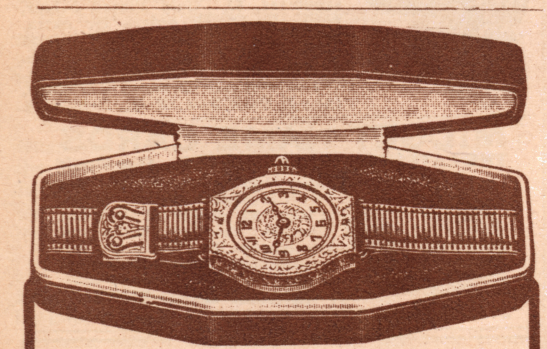

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Behind the Scenes

By Nanette Kutner

NOW come on, folks, and with me go to any moving picture show, you'll see what's not flashed on the screens for I'll take you behind the scenes. Let's go—you know it's all the rage, now here we are, and there's the stage. The cam'raman's first on the set, he is the early bird, you bet; he turns the crank and whistles low, believe me folks he makes the dough! Director struts in all alone and carries a large megaphone, he bosses each and all around for he's the whole cheese on this ground. When all is ready they must wait just for the star, who is quite late. She enters now with graceful glide, the ingenue is by her side. "The cam'ra! Lights!" director cries, "Now tell Miss Cuteness that she lies, just let your face show fear, dismay, act a bit, don't take all day!" The villain is an awful crook, he comes in with a sneaky look. "Now slam the girl right on the head, but not like that, just kill her dead!" The hero enters with a dash, he saves the dame and grabs the cash. "Now choke the villain, hurry up! No, that's not right, you stupid pup, and girl, you are supposed to sob! Ye Gods, this is one rotten job!" Right in that noise and awful din they work until they feel all in, and when they are about to go the cam'raman cries, "Oh, oh, oh, the scenes we took are just in vain, we must retake them all again! Not one of your emotions showed, the cam'ra I forgot to load!" They scream, and swear, and yell, and curse, it just makes matters only worse. Now that's what happens any day behind scenes of a movie play.

The Mail Man

(*Continued on page 19*)

bags with him, and closed the door with his free hand. But just as it had clicked before, he found now that it swung open again the moment it was released.

"Funny," he thought, puzzled.

Bob lowered his bags in front of him and pushed the door shut again. A light from a nearby street lamp illuminated, to a small extent, the threshold on which he stood and he examined the casing to learn what was wrong with the door. An indentation above the lock in the hard-wood casing brought its meaning home to him in a sudden sharp flash of perception.

"Somebody has been trying to jimmy the door!"

The realization of this brought him up to rigid attention, and he could feel the hair stiffen on his head in the acute sense of alarm he experienced at his discovery.

"Burglars!" was his second thought, and his mind flashed to the pistol in the room in which Johnnie worked.

"Johnnie!" he started to call, but at that instant a heavy, muffled explosion shook the entire building.

Bob stood petrified. Someone had dynamited the post-office vault.

(*Continued next week*)

What Will the Screen Stars In Hollywood Do Now?

(*Continued from page 9*)

the brilliance of the Kleigs over Vitagraph way, she could turn in a goodly penny as a dancer on any stage.

I noticed that a certain newspaper, printed out where the West wind blows loudest and longest, suggests, in a strain of veiled facetiousness, and to my way of thinking, pettiness, that with the shutting down of certain studios, and the inevitable shortage of picture work in the movie capital, Los Angeles employment agencies will soon be able to supply unusually good-looking domestic workers. The inference is only too obvious—and, obviously, only too unfair to those who have made their names stand out on the horizon of picture fame.

There may be a scant few men and women in the picture industry who have risen from the obscure and humble ranks of life to their present position of fame. So much the more praise is due them if they did! But, personally, I am certain that there is no just reason in the world for suggesting that the servant problem in Los Angeles or Hollywood may be solved this winter because some of the studio players are jobless during this period of production curtailment.

My belief, based on the facts in my possession, and the indications which the situation present, lead me to think that the period of picture inactivity will not last much longer than five months. Inasmuch as many other workers in fields far different, and much more less remunerative than the pictures are, have been forced to remain idle over periods of business and industrial depression of such lengths without being forced into desperate situations, it is likely that only a small percentage of stage stars will be forced to mortgage their homes, pawn their diamonds, or sell their motor cars while the temporary panic holds sway.

THE extra people out Hollywood way will undoubtedly be hit very hard. They have in the past depended upon periodical employment only. In spite of the fact that many "extras" make more money when they work than many skilled and regularly employed people do, this type of screen worker has had very little chance to save money for a "rainy day" such as is visiting the industry now.

There is but one reason to justify the present shut-down of picture production, and this reason will eventually and inevitably force the cost of picture production to come down to a common-sense basis, thus enabling the producers to give the fans better pictures. Present over-production, and the rising cost of making pictures, combine to form this justifying reason.

From Hollywood way the proof will soon be forthcoming as to what your favorite star is going to do under these circumstances. Movie Weekly is watching each and every development on this situation and its readers can be sure of being intelligently and amply supplied with the activities of filmland's famous while the panic is on.

Rudy Returns to America

(*Continued from page 5*)

"In his own town it was just as if a long lost prince had returned. They stopped school and everything," she declared.

Valentino said that there are several things that brought him back to America for this short stop-over, but the most interesting reason among them all is the fact that the star is to act as a judge in a beauty show to be held in Madison Square Garden. Girl contestants would be very glad to know his preference in the way of feminine beauty, I am sure, but Rudy, wishing not to discourage or encourage anyone before the actual show takes place, requested me not to mention in print his favorite type of girl. I will say this, however, that the young man who once played the Sheik has a mighty carefully defined idea of what a real pretty lass is, and for the girl who happens to measure up to his standardizations, there is a lot of luck, and fame, in store.

HIS beauty specifications do not run into colorings as much as they do in other qualifications of girlish pulchritude. He has no direct preference for blondes or brunettes when it comes to actually drawing beauty lines for a prize. Either type of girl may be as equally beautiful as another, is his contention. But, blonde or brunette, hennaite, or otherwise, they must be more than mere physical beauties. You see, Rudy, the dreamer himself, looks first for beauty in the eyes of a woman, because the eyes reflect the soul.

Rudolph Valentino's pictures in a gym suit, and a story concerning his wonderful physical development, appeared in the Physical Culture Magazine of last winter. Bernarr Macfadden, the Physical Culture leader, posed the young star in these pictures, and I wrote the story of how he kept fit. Naturally, after being away three months, touring and playing in the Old World, there was a chance for Rudy to have neglected his efforts to keep his body in prime condition. But he did not. Valentino is the same athletic young man as I found him to be last winter. He looks even stronger.

"I always kept up my exercising, even aboard ship, where I had some portable apparatus to work with," he declared.

It is impossible to state at this moment just when the picture public can expect to view a new Valentino production. Rudy himself is not sure along these lines. But, his scheduled return to Europe in early December will, most likely, provide movieland with some definite news along these lines.

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How to Raise a "System" Baby

(Continued from page 13)

ride in autos, either, because autos are bad for a child's nerves. She does walk with her governess every day, and she runs her little Irish mail up and down the sidewalk. She parks her vehicle with the wheels blocked so it cannot run away, just as father Armes parks his! The little one still takes her afternoon nap.

She had a birthday party on her fourth birthday, in June, and still talks about it. She played such exciting games as Farmer in the Dell and other thrilling sports. She didn't sleep that night at all. She had too much excitement. The trouble with many mothers, says Miss Marsh, is that, though their children are just as nervous and high strung as little Mary, these nervous conditions are taken no account of, and children grow up into irritable, bad tempered men and women.

Having few children to play with, little Mary plays many mental games. She lives in a world of imagination, with many mental playmates. She also knows many imaginary cities, and makes up a lot of games. She is quite contented, quite resourceful, in amusing herself.

Little Mary's education is not being neglected. She learns from her governess in a painless sort of way, names of places, her letters, words, spelling, a little French, figures as she is ready to assimilate them. She shows a talent for writing the letters of the alphabet, and despite her love of acting, she always says she is going to write stories like daddy. She goes about with a little pad and pencil in her hand, very solemnly, saying she is going to write a story. She makes up really wonderful tales.

We sped back for another look at little Mary. She was playing with Lammie, telling her a wonderful tale about Prince Adrian—just as happy as though she weren't a system baby—or maybe much happier!

The Most Human Note in the Movies

(Continued from page 7)

"We've often wondered," we said, "how you regarded your own work, and how clearly that work resembled your own life."

He leaned back in his chair and eyed us with gentle candor.

"Well," he said honestly. "I've always been animated by a very acute sense of the reality of the characters I played. Repeatedly, in my scenes, I've felt them so keenly that I've cried; and, aside from this, I think I have always reacted rather naturally to the simple emotions I was supposed to portray. Like a boy's love for his mother, for instance," he explained, with that same faint, eager smile. And then, "I loved my own mother dearly," he added simply.

It was easy, therefore, for us to see what had made him so terrifically human and real upon the screen. Why he was that way himself, we realized, and his only special blessing of fortune was an ability to show it while others and a movie camera were looking on. A great gift, some will say. A great artist, others.

Is Style a Greater Asset Than Beauty?

(Continued from page 3)

tea. Maybe it isn't called just that on the tea can, but never before did such inky black tea come under our notice. It must have been an effort to make such a painty-looking concoction.

"Not for us," we commented, "not having style, we're going to try to cultivate beauty and that tea will certainly counteract any beneficial results the Mineralava may have had!"

"As you say," from Miss Frederick. "It won't harm my style any!"

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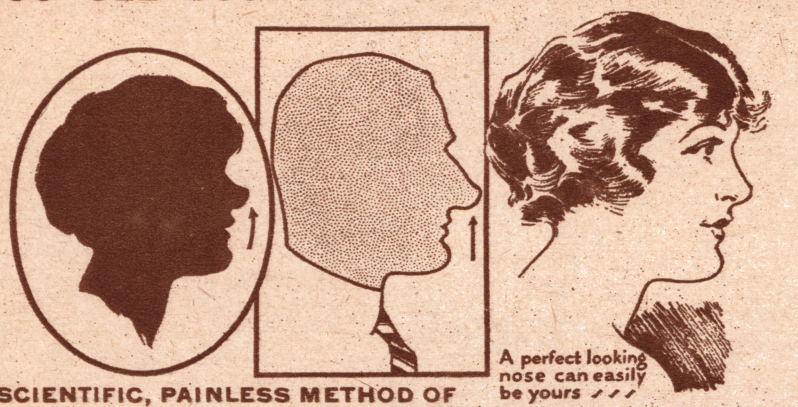

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Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

in making a photoplay with a certain amount of charm and quaintness.

The players in this film are foreign, the entire production having been made in Sweden. Micawber, to our minds one of the greatest and most delightful of Dickens's characters, is splendidly handled by Frederik Jensen. It is a portrayal delicately shaded and one that should be viewed with satisfaction by lovers of Dickens.

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(*Continued from page* 26)

you do not ride, you shall walk. It will be slower, but we shall reach our destination in time."

"What is our destination?"

"You will learn that in my time. Do you mean to walk or ride? Decide quickly!"

"Help me up!" he growled, with an oath which made Grace shudder, though she had self-control enough not to betray it.

He was a large and heavy man, and purposely made himself awkward and difficult to help; but to his utter amazement Grace got behind him and helped him so vigorously, and with such strength, that he was filled with a new and sudden respect for her. He had known she could use her rifle, but he had not suspected her muscular strength.

He sat easily enough in the saddle, even though his hands were tied behind him, for like all of his kind he was really much more at home on a horse than on his own feet.

Grace mounted her mare, took the reins of Miguel's horse in one hand, and so leading it, urged the animals into a lope, disregarding the simulated fear of the man that he would fall if she went so quickly.

Also, she paid no attention to the questions he began to ask her concerning what she meant to do with him, nor to his repeated assurances that she would get herself into trouble for thus daring to make him a prisoner without good cause.

BUT Grace had come to a definite conclusion in regard to him, and saw her way quite clearly, even if that way was not strictly in accordance with law. In fact, her secret opinion was that the law was only something for lawyers to juggle with, and not a thing that was the basis of justice. And what she was determined to have was justice.

Finally, when the man found that he could not argue or frighten Grace from her purpose, he began to become alarmed. He was too ignorant to understand fully what his status was in the eyes of the law, and had founded his conduct on blind obedience to his young master and on his implicit faith that the money which the latter was willing and ready to spend would accomplish anything.

"Tell me what you want with me," he said at last, in so sincere a tone that Grace was impressed. "I will do anything I can."

"I want you to tell the truth, so that my name will be cleared of the stain you and your master have put on it. I want you to tell all you know."

"Betray Don?" the man demanded, with a fierce glitter of the eyes.

"Right me!" she answered, with a gleam that matched his own.

"No," he said, doggedly.

She shrugged her shoulders and rode on in silence.

And this silence both of them maintained until suddenly, in the turn of the road ahead of them, a horseman came in sight, riding swiftly.

Grace uttered a cry, and pulled the horses up sharply; so sharply that any other than the perfect horseman her prisoner was must have been thrown headlong over his horse's head. He, however, kept his seat, and also uttered a cry. Both had the same thought, that the newcomer might be a friend of the prisoner.

(*Continued next week*)

Real Dramas of Hollywood

By An Eye Witness

THEY haven't pretty endings, most of these real life dramas of Hollywood. Many of them haven't ended yet at all, but their stories are still unfolding. Some of them are painfully ironical, some have a touch of cynical humor. But they are real life, real drama in the players' lives—those players whose facil emotions are their fortunes—emotions that are on tap, not for a couple of hours six evenings in the week, but every day, year in and year out.

Poor human nature with its lively passions, so hard to subjugate even amid commonplace surroundings with every tradition of society to aid! How much more difficult, how almost impossible to inhibit entirely, in the hectic life of the picture studios, home of the emotions which are being constantly worked on that the world may have its picture drama fresh every day or two!

Cool and poised indeed the mind and character that can withstand the cross currents of emotion that flood the studio life and overflow into the privacy of picture homes.

Love affairs there are many, some serious, some light, all full of the vigor that characterizes those vital beings who must be full of life in order to vitalize a mere ghost drama.

She was young and very pretty and very modest and full of the love of life and eagerness when she came to Hollywood, leaving her father and mother back home in some obscure eastern town.

To say that the wolves were waiting would sound melodramatic. Besides, they weren't wolves most of the time, but rather charming-mannered men wanting very, very much to be amused—professional lovers gifted in the art of winning women, endowed with wit and looks.

Some of these men had what they called principle, which forbade their winning an inexperienced girl to their ways, contenting themselves with carrying on sophisticated affairs with women as wise as themselves. Some of them gladly married the innocents—when they could get them in no other way, though most of them had a string of divorces to their credit.

But fate plays hard tricks, and The Man who met The Girl had a wife already, who kept promising him a divorce, and changing her mind.

He had nice eyes and a ravishing smile, and he had learned the arts of love-making in a thousand picture roles. He was skillful; he let The Girl form a sort of hero worship for him, built on his delicate attentions, his skillful advances and retreats, always well within bounds of the decorum she had learned in her home town.

The Girl was lonely, and she loved the flowers and candy The Man sent her, and she enjoyed listening to his musical voice as he related tales of adventure and humor in connection with his picture experiences. She had worked a little in pictures in the east, enough to give her a foothold, and The Man's prestige soon won her a place as leading woman in two or three films.

The Girl had a quick and eager mind. She learned fast. But there was something lacking in her work—experience of life. The directors told her that. She told The Man they said that.

That's when The Man found it convenient to carefully arrange his forces for assault. He decided that a careful approach, billowing to a flood of emotion that would sweep the girl off her feet, was the best way to win her. How her rounded, white throat, her soft arms, her warm eyes appealed to him!

He would have liked to marry The Girl, he would, by gad! He made himself feel very virtuous over that. At least his wife was far away, and hardly anybody knew anything about her. But the very evening he decided that he must have The Girl, he received a letter from his wife, stating frigidly that he might go his way, but she would never divorce him.

That letter made him picturesquely melancholy. He called on The Girl, things went just as he had planned, the girl trembled in newly awakened emotions. As he pressed her close to his heart, he poured out his marital troubles. His wife, of course, didn't understand him—she was much older than he—he had tried to be loyal, "until *you* came into my life." And, after all, The Girl should be the same as a wife to him. No one need know they were not married.

The Girl listened. His philosophy sounded good. He was so noble, so misunderstood, so devoted to her. He was many years her senior, but that only increased the dangerous feeling of hero worship. He would have no one else, he told her—and if she tried having anyone else——!

"She wouldn't, she wouldn't!" she cried passionately.

But there was all her home training, her father, her mother, in the background. No, she couldn't, she said, in tears, trembling with emotion.

Very well, said The Man sadly, leaving her.

Oh, that's very old stuff, leaving them alone when they are refractory—but how it does work!

The Girl was so lonely. Suddenly her picture work stopped. Nobody seemed to need her services. She longed ardently for her lover. After all, he had really loved her. How miserable he had looked when he left her. And he had said just to call him, and he would be at her side.

And there lay the telephone. Yet she wouldn't touch it.

But Fate plays hard tricks, as I said before. She met The Man, apparently entirely by chance, at the end of a hard day, when she had been playing only an extra bit, and when every bit of her called out for her lover.

He was driving along in his car, it was moonlight; he drove close to the side of the road where she was walking. He called in a low voice. She heard, and all her being answered.

So they took a pretty little house, and everybody called her "Mrs. Blank."

"And so you are before God," her mate assured her. "And so you shall be as soon as my wife divorces me."

They went out together, and The Man introduced The Girl as his wife. He was tender, considerate, devoted. He sent his wife enough money so that she kept still.

The Girl was madly happy . . .

Just when it all began—his staying away from home, saying they needed him at the studio—she hardly knew. She knew he was hers and her heart sang all day.

Then, one day, the old character woman on the set came and told her something—something that stunned and numbed her. She grew suspicious. She begged The Man to tell her everything.

THERE was another woman, that was all. She wept and upbraided him; she did all the things that would drive a man away that her mad sorrow and jealous grief would naturally make her do. She irritated him constantly. He left her. She followed him.

One night, when The Man had been drinking heavily at a party, and somebody asked him about his wife, twitting him with a new affair, he blurted it out like a cad—The Girl was not his wife!

And so The Girl was done for. Even in the picture world, a "wise" actor won't marry the girl who has been openly introduced as a wife, but who has no wedding ring to show.

The Girl stayed at home mourning for weeks. She avoided her old companions at the studio. When she could bear it no longer, she used to go to the cafe where she and he had been wont to go. She would sit, sorrowful and alone, refusing all company, brooding on the past.

A year went by. Her heart ached, with its cold, aching alternating with wild tumults of jealousy when she saw The Man with the other woman. Still she refused the company of men and the dubious comfort they offered.

Then suddenly she began to be gay! What was the use? she asked herself recklessly. She went out to all the parties. She was brilliant and beautiful and charming she had many men at her feet.

She became a star!

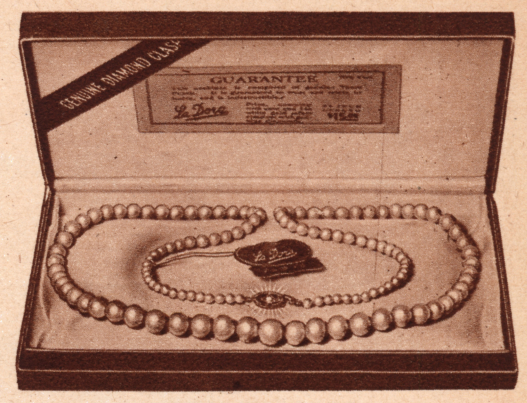
And The Man?

There often seems to be some obscure but relentless Fate that dogs the man who has put away the woman who adores and helps him. The Man lost his starring engagement. He drifted here and there. His name is heard no more.

And The Girl? Doubtless she would never have become the great emotional actress she is if her heart had not been broken.

She is brilliant and gay and reckless. But she has the world at her feet.

She says she will never wear a wedding ring!



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Solid Gold, Diamond Clasp, only (*Regular Retail List Price*, $15.00) $4.83

To introduce our genuine indestructible La Dora Pearls, imported from Paris, we offer a 24-inch necklace perfectly matched and graduated with solid white gold clasp, set with genuine chip diamond, in beautiful silk lined gift case at the unbelievable price of $4.83.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will delight the heart of any girl or woman. La Dora Pearls have the soft, delicate color and lustre of the genuine Oriental pearls which cost hundreds of dollars. We guarantee that they will not break, crack, peel or discolor. They will retain their beautiful sheen and lustre permanently. Upon receipt of the Necklace, if you are not perfectly delighted, you may return same to us and we will immediately refund the price paid. This strong guarantee is made because we know that you would not part with the pearls once you see them. We are making this special reduced-price offer only to those who can appreciate real beauty in pearls and will show and recommend them to their friends.

Send us your order and remittance of only $4.83 at once and in a few days you will receive a genuine La Dora Pearl Necklace that you will always be proud of. If you desire, we will send C. O. D. you to pay postman $4.83, plus 15c charges, upon delivery. **This is a rare opportunity. Order now.**

WILLIAMS & CO., 4750-60 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO

Are *YOU* Drifting Like This Derelict Ship?

The world is full of men who drift from job to job, like the derelict ship, unable to steer a straight course ahead. That's why the great majority eke out a mere existence on small salaries while only a few forge on to the comfort and happiness which comes with big success. It is easy to make the goal of success if you know you are steering the right course—doing the work for which you are mentally and physically best fitted. In seeking your success job in the past you have had to trust to luck—but now, science has found a sure way for you to immediately

Find YOUR Right Job!

Nature fits every man for success in some particular work. Face, coloring, physique, health, childhood environment, ancestry, habits, etc., all have a purpose in helping you to Wealth, Success and Happiness. This **MARVELOUS NEW INVENTION ENABLES YOU TO SCIENTIFICALLY CHART YOUR TALENTS and POSITIVELY LEARN YOUR SUCCESS JOB!**

It's the most remarkable method known to science. Results are positive and guaranteed to be scientifically correct. If you are not making enough money—not progressing rapidly enough—unhappy or undecided, the Bolger Vocational Chart will light your way and show you your natural road to success and happiness. It will not only show the ONE vocation in which you are best fitted for success, but will rate you in others. Anyone can work it—no study—Complete answer in two exciting, profitable hours. The result of 10 years' scientific study and research. Tested and proven accurate on thousands. It's the "cream" of every science on Vocational Guidance. Hundreds are benefiting by it daily—why not you! It's yours complete for the amazingly low price of $4.79. (We only promise to accept orders at this price for 30 days.) Don't put it off! Get yours now! SEND NO MONEY—Simply mail the coupon TODAY! Bolger Vocational Service, 158 W. 45th St., New York City.

BOLGER VOCATIONAL SERVICE, INC.,
Dept. H, 158 W. 45th St., New York City. [For Men Only]

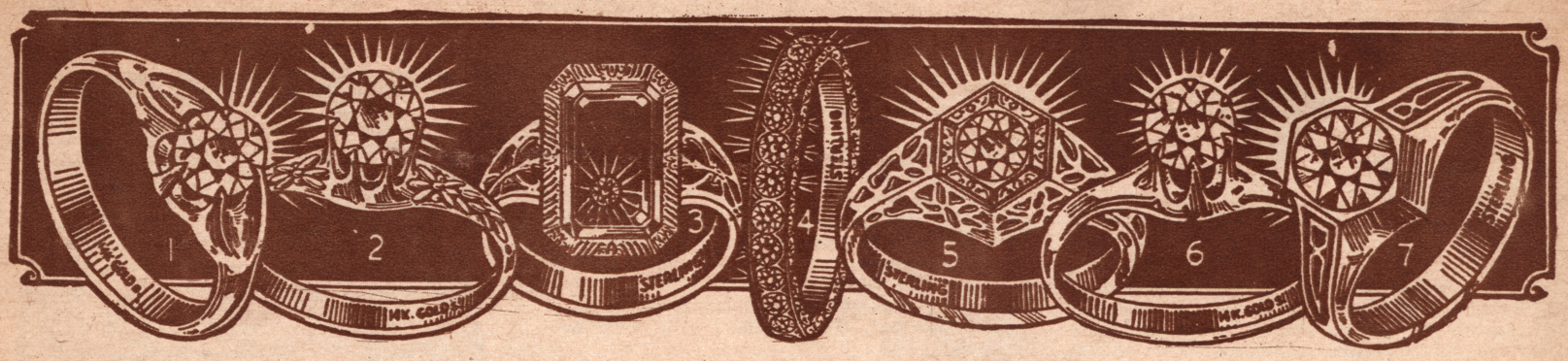
Send me the Bolger Vocational Chart. I will pay the postman $4.79 plus postage in full payment on arrival. If I decide not to use the Chart, I may return it and you will immediately refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Price outside United States, $5.15 cash with order.)



FREE With Every Ring

Yes, Absolutely Free

With each ring, your choice of Ladies' Bar Pin, sterling silver, platinum finish, set with seven exquisite Ralite Diamonds, or men's Ralite Diamond Scarf Pin. Either of these beautiful bits of jewelry is alone worth the price of the ring. Your friends will think they are expensive pieces of jewelry. Don't miss this splendid opportunity to secure this jewelry FREE. Fill out the coupon below today.

Genuine Ralite Diamonds

Here is an amazing offer to introduce imported Ralite Diamonds that have all the dazzling sparkle and sheer brilliance of genuine diamonds. Only an expert can guess that your imported Ralite, with its flashing rays, is not a $250.00 diamond. Your friends will believe it genuine.

Ralites alone match genuine diamonds in their perfect cut, in their warmth of color, in their iridescent fire. These wonderful gems are set in the latest exclusive design, gold and white platinum finish mountings. Full carat size gems.

Thousands Delighted with Ralites

Mrs. John Gabriel writes: "I am sending for another ring. I was so pleased with the Ralite I got two weeks ago." Miss Hazel Kern says: "My friends said: 'You paid at least $85.00 for that ring.' I thank you very much." Miss W L Cody writes: "I am very pleased with both ring and pin. I am now sending for a No. 4 ring."

Send No Money

You don't have to risk a penny. Just fill out the coupon, stating which ring numbers you wish, and send strip of paper that meets end to end around ring finger. On arrival, deposit amount listed with postman—not a cent more. We pay postage. Wear the ring for a week. Show it to your friends. If not delighted with your beautiful Ralite ring, if your friends don't think it is a genuine diamond, send it back! You won't be out a penny. Satisfaction positively guaranteed or money refunded. BE SURE TO SEND RING SIZE.

Sensational Values in Rings!

No. 1—Men's Heavy Belcher, 14-K. gold S., set with genuine Ralite. Neat appearing.....	$3.25
No. 2—Ladies' Solitaire, 14-K. gold S., Bridal Blossoms engraved. A ring any woman can be proud to wear	$2.98
No. 3—Ladies' Onyx Top, platinum finish, set with ¼-K. Ralite. The latest style and very popular.....	$3.48
No. 4—Wedding Ring, white platinum finish, 27 flashing Ralites	$4.44
No. 5—Ladies' Hand Carved, basket setting, set with seven sparkling Ralites, giving very beautiful effect	$3.87
No. 6—Ladies' Solitaire, 14-K. gold S., 1-K. genuine Ralite. Simple, graceful design of great beauty..	$2.49
No. 7—Men's Massive Hexagon, 2-K. stone (very special) of unusual sparkle and brilliance.....	$3.98

SEND COUPON TODAY

FERRY & CO., 75 W. Van Buren, Dept 2529, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me Ring (or Rings) No..... I am enclosing piece of paper to show ring size. When the ring (or rings) arrive, I will deposit with the postman only the amount listed above. If, after wearing the ring for one week, I am not satisfied, I can return it and my money will be refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Mark with X: ☐ Bar Pin ☐ Scarf Pin

This Beautiful Full-Size Free Hawaiian Ukulele

Yes, absolutely free, a beautiful, genuine Koawood finish Hawaiian ukulele, full size—given free with our new amazingly easy copyrighted Short-Cut Ukulele Course. Our ukulele makes rich, harmonious music to accompany impromptu singing—provides wonderful fun and entertainment anywhere, any time. Finest workmanship, sweet singing tone.

Learn To Play in One Hour

Think of it! You can learn to play the ukulele in one short hour by our amazing new copyrighted method. Yes—only ONE hour. No weeks of drudgery. No months of hard practice. By our new, copyrighted method you can be playing the sweet sounding Hawaiian Ukulele in one hour. You can accompany popular songs or amusing ditties. In a short time you can become an expert player of the ukulele. Send no money. Mail just this coupon today.

Send No Money

Don't send us a penny. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it at once. We will send you our marvelous Short-Cut Course with Free Hawaiian Ukulele outfit by parcel post. On arrival, deposit with postman only $2.98, plus a few pennies postage. Try the ukulele in conjunction with our Short-Cut Course. Note the deep, rich tone. See how you will play chords in a few minutes—accompany songs within an hour. Then if you are not completely satisfied, return the outfit and we will refund your money. Fill out coupon NOW and mail today!

SEND COUPON NOW

FERRY & CO., 75 W. Van Buren, Dept. 2520, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your complete, copyrighted, short-cut ukulele course, including full size Free ukulele outfit. On arrival, I will deposit $2.98, plus postage, with postman. If I am not satisfied, I can return the outfit and you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Thousands Pleased

Thousands have tried our beautiful Hawaiian Ukulele and copyrighted short-cut course and have been amazed and delighted with the wonderful results. "I found exceedingly good results from your ukulele and I want another just like it."—W. T. H. Campbell. "The lessons are easy to learn."—Mrs. Olive Brown. "The tone and instrument are good."—Mrs. Mabel E. Foster.

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